

A
TUTOR *for the* BEAUS:

O R,

LOVE in a LABYRINTH.

A

COMEDY.

As it was ACTED at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

With Universal Applause,

Tho' perform'd under the greatest Disadvantages.

Written by Mr HEWITT. K

Cælum, non Animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

HOR.

In Amore hæc omnia insunt Vitia:

Injuriae, Suspiciones, Inimicitiae,

Induciae, Bellum, Pax rursus.

TER.

The SECOND EDITION, Corrected.

L O N D O N:

Printed for, and Sold by WARD and CHANDLER,
at the Ship just without Temple Bar, and at their Shops
in York and Scarborough.

M. DCC. XXXVIII.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

UNIVERSITY OF

THE LIBRARY

OF THE



THE LIBRARY

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF

THE LIBRARY

OF THE

P R O L O G U E.

By a F R I E N D.

AS Painters mingle shade, to set off Light,
So, Contraries are mix'd, when Poets write.
All Shadow wou'd be Darkness — Too much Blaze
Wou'd dazzle: — Each, by each, new Force displays.
Form'd on this Principle, to Night we shew
An un-bred BRUTE ---- against a wrong-bred BEAU.
Our spritely Fop, to Froth, and France inclin'd,
Fills his gay Vacuum, with Parisian Wind.
Heavy by NATURE, Volatile by ART,
Be-dull'd, to BRISKNESS --- and mis-call'd a SMART.
Oppos'd, to this Extreme, our Home-grown shoot,
Whose Sense wants Breeding, THINKS himself, to BRUTE
His rough Sincerity, --- ill-dress'd — uncouth,
Offends by Coarseness, whom It charms by Truth.
Wise, without PITY, — without Temper, PLAIN,
His Friendship FESTERS: And his Love gives PAIN.
All Virtues, if UNPRUN'D, some Folly BLIGHTS;
The Rugged Kindness, without Sweetness, FRIGHTS.
And PERT Good-nature, COXCOMB'D-O'ER with
Flame,
Provokes like Insolence, and stings, like Shame:
Betwixt these Two, our Author had design'd
A Third, fix'd, stedfast, English, Medium-mind.
Fram'd like his Country, with just-hand, to sway
Th' unresting BALANCE, byass'd neither Way:
But, — here deficient, he submits his Cause:
An humble Stranger to the Worth he draws!
Had some of your accomplish'd Minds supply'd,
His failing Skill, he had not err'd so wide:
Judge -- but his Aim: -- And -- if his Random throw,
Falls short --- condemn not the unreach'g Blow.
Should his imperfect Scheme your Spleen provoke
Be Kind ——— Or all his Balance will be Broke.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord Modely,
Lord Manly,
Sir Charles Freelove,
Belville,
Heartly,
Young Manly,
Mr Blunt,
Tom,

Mr Bardin.
Mr Rosco.
Mr Johnson.
Mr Wright.
Mr W. Giffard.
Mr Woodward.
Mr Lyon.
Mr Penkethman.

W O M E N.

Lady Betty Manly,
Lady Worthy,
Harriot,
Finesse,
Plaitwell,
Pinup,

Miss Hughes,
Mrs Marshal.
Mrs Roberts.
Miss Tollet.
Miss Jones.
Mrs M. Giffard.

SCENE, LONDON.



A
T U T O R
F O R T H E
B E A U S.

A C T I.

S C E N E, *a Chamber.*

HEARTLY, *and Lord MODELY, discovered.*

Ld. MODELY.



HEARTLY, you have not used me well, to invite me hither from *Paris*, the Center of the *Beau Monde*, and Politeness: to which Place I am so much obliged for my refin'd Taste — I could very well have gone without the Sight of so dismal, and ill-bred a Place, as *London*.

Hear. Cousin, I could not excuse you, but in Consideration of your leaving *England* very young,

B

and

2 A TUTOR for the BEAUS:

and consequently this Reflexion may be owing to the Prejudice of your *French* Education: Had you been here long enough, to have been better acquainted with it, you wou'd think, and speak otherwise.

L. *Mod.* Pardon me Couz. Tho' my Time here has been short, I am not so unexperienced as you imagine: — Let me tell you, the best I can discover of the *English*, is, they speak *French*, and that they murder.

Hear. And so for the Generality, the *French* do themselves, tho' they speak but one Language. — But as to the Conversation of the *English*, you'll allow, at least, they don't want good Sense, and Propriety.

L. *Mod.* Their Conversation! — That's pleasant enough, ha, ha, why they have none. — They'll stare at you for an Hour together, without saying one Word, but — How d'ye do? very amusing, very entertaining truly, ha, ha, ha, I think the Chimes of a Church in *Flanders* full as good Company.

Hear. 'Tis true, the *English* are not the most lively People in the World, but there are none more sagacious.

L. *Mod.* Shall I tell you — instead of passing three Quarters of their Lives in a Coffee-House, poring over *Gazettes*, and murdering Politics, they wou'd do much better, if they saw good Company at home, learn'd how to receive such Persons of Distinction as came to visit them, and be a little more sensible of the Value of a Man — of my Parts.

Hear. Let me inform you Couz, since you force me to speak plain, that there only wants two or three such giddy Heads as yours to disgrace the *French* totally in a Country, where their Reputation for Wisdom, is not too well established; you have already given some Essays of your Genius,

nus, that have drawn the Observation of the whole Town upon you.

L. Mod. So much the better ; — Persons of Merit lose nothing by being known.

Hear. That's true ; — but it is your Misfortune, to be conceived in a very different Acceptation here, where you render yourself universally ridiculous. — They say, you are a Gentleman so zealous for the Politeness of the *French* Nation, that your sole Motive in coming hither, was to read public Lectures upon good Breeding, and to teach the barbarous *English* how to live.

L. Mod. Of which, they are undoubtedly in great Need, and I very capable.

Hear. But, my very sufficient Cousin, let me observe to you, that your blind Passion for the *French* Fashions and Way of Life, carries you into great Inconsistency ; — instead of desiring to reconcile a Nation, in which you travel as a Stranger, to your Taste of Life, you ought to conform to theirs : — For my Part, I wonder your Behaviour has not drawn you into some Difficulties before now.

L. Mod. Ha, ha, ha, but do you know my Sage Couz. that your long Residence in *London* has actually spoil'd you : — why, Sir, you have acquir'd that awkward foreign Air, peculiarly horrid in all the Inhabitants of this Town.

Hear. A foreign Air in the Inhabitants ! What d'ye mean by that ?

L. Mod. I wou'd say, they have not the Air they ought to have ; that free, open, affecting, prepossessing, graceful, and excellent Air ; — In a Word, the Air the *French* have.

Hear. O ! I take you : — The *English* it seems, should not have an *English* Look at home ; — they ought to have the same Air at *London*, as they have at *Paris*, ha, ha, ha.

L. Mod.

4 *A TUTOR for the BEAUS:*

L. Mod. Hold — don't injure your Wisdom and Gravity so much, to laugh in the wrong Place, I beg you: — As there can be but one good Air, that Air is without doubt belonging to the *French*.

Hear. That the *English* will dispute with you.

L. Mod. And I'll maintain, that a Man, who has not the Air they have in *France*, does every Thing with a bad Taste: — He knows not how to Sit down, to Rise, to Walk, to Give, to Take, to take Snuff, and so forth; and consequently is void of Manners; — Such a Man, should he venture into the Company of Persons of fine Taste and Delicacy, would only fall a Sacrifice to their Wit and Raillery.

Hear. O! my Lord, the Pink of Manners; — If it should be ever your great, good Fortune, to find an Opportunity of Bartering your whole Stock of such Politeness; — against a little, a very little good Sense; take my Advice, and don't slip the Occasion

L. Mod. It is, however, my grave Seignior, to those very Manners so much in Disgrace with you, that I am indebted for a Conquest; a Conquest! not a little Glorious, I assure you.

Hear. Ay, there's another Folly common to the *French*, who Travel; which you seem to have imbib'd. — They are so prepossess'd with their Influence over the fair Sex, that they imagine no Woman can withstand the irresistible Force of their Address, and the Charms of their Persons: — They fancy, their very Appearance is sufficient to gain them an universal Empire: An accidental Glance, an unmeaning Civility, are undeniable Proofs of a compleat Victory — And when they leave *France*, seem rather to project the Conquest of Female Hearts, than the Improvement of their Heads.

L. Mod.

L. Mod. But, *Heartly*, it is no ambiguous Look, no common Instance of Civility, that convinces me I am belov'd; No, no, Sir, it is because I have been told so, by the very Person, her bright Self.

Hear. Ay,— and pray, Sir, who may this Bright, egregious Person be?

L. Mod. Be! — a young Widow, a Lord's Daughter, beautiful and rich: She's lately come to *London*, Chance brought us acquainted, and it's upon her Account I have taken Lodgings in this House, where she has been herself, ever since she came to Town.

Hear. Her Name?

L. Mod. Lady *Worthy*.

Hear. Lady *Worthy*! — I know her, I have seen her several Times at *Clarinda's*, a Friend of her's, she is indeed a Lady of exceeding Merit.

L. Mod. But you speak of her in a Manner, that makes me conceive, she's not indifferent to you.

Hear. 'Tis true, I'll not endeavour to conceal it: Of all Women I have ever seen, she's the most Amiable; and I frankly own, I shall leave no Means untry'd to supplant you.

L. Mod. Ha, ha, ha; Supplant me! — ha, ha, ha, you Supplant me! ha, ha, ha.

Hear. Yes, my Lord — even you, I shall endeavour to supplant.

L. Mod. Will you really, — Faith that will divert me most immoderately, ha, ha, ha, — But heark'ee, Cousin of mine — Is the Lady appriz'd of your Sentiments for her?

Hear. [*Aside.*] That's what I must not tell him at Present — No, I believe she's yet a Stranger to them.

L. Mod. Poor Man! — I pity you; and if you please, I'll take upon me to acquaint her with your Passion.

Hear.

6 *A TUTOR for the BEAUS:*

Hear. You are too obliging, — I'll spare you the Trouble — I only wait for a favourable Opportunity.

L. Mod. O, *parbleu!* You shan't want that, come but along with me to her House in the next Street, and I'll introduce you immediately.

Hear. Agreed.

L. Mod. [*Sings.*] *Allons!*

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E. *The Park.*

Enter HARRIOT and PINUP *mask'd*; Sir CHARLES and TOM *following.*

Har. Do they follow us?

Pin. Yes, Madam.

Har. [*Turning about.*] To convince me, Sir, of the Truth of the Professions you have made, I insist you stop here; you must positively go no farther than this Place at present: And that you may not Rebel against my first Command; Know, Sir, if you resolve to follow me, and discover who I am now, you are in Danger of never seeing me again.

Sir Char. 'Tis impossible, Madam, for me to obey you, for there is such a soft and powerful Attraction, and you have stolen so effectually upon me, that I dare not part with you again, 'till I know where Peace and Joy, and you are to be found.

Har. So then, I am to be your Apology, for being treated with Disrespect; Sir, your most Obedient: — But, if you persist in your well-bred Resolution of knowing who I am, against my Inclination, the Stars have decreed that you and I shall never meet again, which I should be sorry for, as I should be in Danger of losing so humble, and so submissive a Servant: And so, Sir, take your Choice, lose me for ever, or, to the Right about, Soldier, March.

Sir

Sir Char. To obey your Commands, Madam, I know is to be Complaisant: But at the same Time, senseless for one in my Condition: And with so good an Excuse, I had rather you think me rude than stupid: You challeng'd me, I answer'd: — We have met several Times; I have given you all the Proofs in my Power, that I am as much in Love, as you wou'd have me; I have say'd, sigh'd, swore, and pray'd to you; yet all my Eloquence has not prevail'd with you, to lay aside your Mask: In short, Madam, my Respect can hold out no longer; Love has decreed that I must know who you are, before we part.

Har. Why really, *Sir Charles*, this is very Military in you; this is carrying a Lady by Storm, as I take it: — But having reduc'd the Place to Extremity, wou'd it be any Imputation to your great Valour, to suffer the Garrison to capitulate upon honourable Terms? — Suppose now, I shou'd engage upon the Parole of a Maid of Birth and Honour, that you shall soon know where I live, and visit me at Home [*Courtseying.*] if you please. [*They talk apart in dumb Shew.*]

Tom. And you, Madam, of that Madam, I don't care to trust my Soul with I don't know who.

Pin. If you follow me, be assur'd —

Tom. What?

Pin. If you follow me, you eternally disoblige me.

Tom. Disoblige you! Why, who are you, pray? — Here's a Cockatrice. — Don't think I'm as great a Fool as my Master, to whine and pine after you, as he does after your Mistress: — I fancy you have both very bad Faces, or you would not be so unwilling to shew 'em.

Pin. Our Faces, Mr Powder-Puff, are much too good for our Company, unless they had better Manners.

Har.

8 *A TUTOR for the BEAUS:*

Har. Fie, Sir *Charles*, love a Woman whose Word of Honour you can't take, you might as well love one without Honour; once more then, you may depend upon seeing me.

Sir Char. Ay, Madam, but as there are more Assurances in your Power, than bare Professions, which can be of no ill Consequence to you; if you are sincere; Methinks, you can't take it ill, if I insist upon seeing your Face.

Har. Such as it is; — since you force me.

[*Unmasks.*]

Sir Char. And now it is not in my Power to perform Conditions: O charming Malice! How shall I be able to leave you.

Har. Nay, now Sir, your Honour is concern'd; — And I dare assure myself, you will do nothing in breach of that; pray retire.

Sir Char. I can't express how much I suffer in complying.

Har. I am very much afraid of being seen with you; pray leave me at that Turning, or I am undone.

Sir Char. Well, since you will have it so, remember what I am to suffer, 'till you perform your Promise; — 'Till that bless'd Hour, adieu.

Har. Till then, farewell.

[*Exeunt Har. and Pin.*]

Tom. Why, Sir, are you in earnest, don't you believe this is all a Trick, a meer Design to lead you a wild Goose Chase, and then laugh at you for your Trouble? — Let me dog 'em, Sir?

Sir Char. No, *Tom*, I have engaged my Word, and will keep it: — Whatever she is, I am resolv'd to have the Advantage of behaving like a Man of Honour with her.

Tom. Right, Sir, — If you knew she deserv'd such Usage: But there is no great Honour in keeping your Word with a Coquet, whose Motive in
laying

laying you under the Obligation, is to laugh at you for your Sincerity.

Sir *Char.* I can't think she intends to deceive me; she has Wit, and is well-bred; her Dress is elegant, and all her Behaviour charms me: — Perhaps, she is some Woman of Quality, who, because I am a Stranger, designs to divert herself with me, without being known.

Tom. I am of a different Opinion, Sir.

Sir *Char.* Why pr'ythee, *Tom*, what do you think?

Tom. When a Woman will talk to you a great while, without shewing her Face, you may conclude, she is either old, or ugly, or both; and that her only Talent *lies in* her Tongue.

Sir *Char.* You are witty, you Rogue: — But I have had a Sample of my *Incognita*, that would disgrace an Angel, *Tom*, should he dispute Beauty with her.

Tom. One would almost think her a Witch, Sir, from your extravagant manner of describing her.

Sir *Char.* Angel, or Demon, I shall know more of her to morrow.

Tom. Then you conclude she'll keep her Word.

Sir *Char.* If she deceives me, which I don't expect, I have behav'd to her better than she deserves; — If she can gratify her Vanity, by imposing upon a Man of Honour, who professes to love her, she is not worth his Care.

Tom. She can't live far off, I lost sight of her thereabouts.

Sir *Char.* Well, come along. — She's a Girl of Spirit, I'm certain, and therefore I believe may be in earnest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Chamber.

Enter L. WORTHY, L. MODELY, and HEARTLY.

L. *Mod.* Madam, permit me to introduce this Gentleman, a Relation of mine, as also my Rival;

C

He

He has seen you at *Clarinda's*, you have made a Conquest without knowing it; and he wanted an Opportunity of declaring himself to you; — It offers now thro' my Introduction.

L. Wor. The Master of the Ceremonies surprises me.

L. Mod. Madam, I forewarn you, that under that sober and diffident Air, he's a dangerous Man: — He wants to supplant me, Madam, ha, ha, ha.

L. Wor. Hold, Sir, — This is carrying Raillery a little too far.

Hear. Madam, The Raillery falls on me alone, I merit it: — And his Lordship, tho' in jest, has told you no more than Truth: I could not help confessing to him, that I had never seen any thing so amiable; — And to express a Surprise, mixt with Indignation, at the Declaration he made of his Happiness, in being the Object of your Inclinations.

L. Wor. (*To L. Modely*) What, Sir, was you capable of treating me in this manner.

L. Mod. O, Madam, where's the harm of discovering it? — You are Woman of Distinction, I am a Man of Quality; — You are rich, I have a good Estate; — You are a Widow, I am a Bachelor; You are Nineteen Years old, I am Four and twenty; — You are beautiful, I am *passant*; — We are cut out for each other; we love one another, and where's the Necessity of hiding it, *ma charmante*?

L. Wor. I love you, my Lord! — Pray, who told you that? — But admit it were so, I should expect you to be discreet, and make it a Mystery to all the World beside.

L. Mod. Mystery, Madam! — Ah fy, there's a Taste, *le mauvais ragout*.

L. Wor. Yes, in *France*, where they only love, because it is the Mode, — Where they aspire to be
belov'd,

belov'd, meerly for the Vanity of boasting it : — Where Love is but a trifling Foppery, a Wit Skirmish, a continual Cheat, in which the greatest Deceiver passes for the most Ingenious : Here, it is not so ; — We are sincere, and in earnest, and only love for the Pleasure of loving ; we consider it as a Matter of serious Import, and Tenderneſs with us, is a Communication of real Sentiments, not a Play of Words.

L. *Mod.* But it is always necessary to have Somebody to whom one may tell one's Amours : — In the most exact Romance, you find no Hero without his Confident : — I have made my Cousin *Hearty* mine, he is discreet, and so I apprehend we are still within the Rules.

Hear. As to the Lady, I shan't want Discretion : But for your part, my Lord, I am under no Obligation of Secrecy ; — What you told me came from your Vanity, and not from any Confidence in me.

L. *Wor.* I find, my Lord, you are a most incomparable Person.

L. *Mod.* *Hearty*, take your Leave of the Lady ; — Have not you the Sense to perceive that she's tir'd with you, your Discourse is disagreeable to her, you are troublesome, you give her the Spleen excessively ; — pr'ythee leave us, pr'ythee do, you're one too many here.

L. *Wor.* If there's one too many, It is not that Gentleman, but —

L. *Mod.* O, I find your are out of Humour at present ; — to punish you, I'll leave you with him : — Let him entertain you, Madam, let him entertain you ; I shall lose nothing by it, you'll relish me the better next Visit. [Exit.]

L. *Wor.* I think, Sir, my Lord *Modely* may be said to be a true *Frenchman*.

Hear. He seems fond, Madam, to appear conspicuous in their Levity and Follies; — and be assur'd that he's —

L. Wor. I know him; nor am I so unjust, and void of Reason, Sir, as not to be sensible of the Difference between you and Lord *Modely*, or not to esteem your Merit as I ought.

Hear. Yes, Madam, after I have long lov'd you with the most tender and respectful Passion, and suffer'd all the Inquietudes that arise between Hope and Despair, from my just Sense of your high Value, and my own Defects, — You esteem me as you ought, — and love my Lord, almost, as soon as seen.

L. Wor. I love him! — Pray, Sir, who told you so?

Hear. The Confusion you are in, the very manner, in which you deny it.

L. Wor. No, Sir, I despise him too much to love him.

Hear. I have too much Skill, Madam, not to know that such Contempt is only Love disguis'd; — Your Anger argues your Passion for him.

L. Wor. I assure you, Sir, you are intirely mistaken in your Construction, for I intend to engage myself to another.

Hear. Another! — Why then, Madam, I shou'd be the most fortunate of Mankind, should that Choice concern me: — You could not revenge yourself more nobly on Lord *Modely*, or make a Man happy who loves you more passionately.

L. Wor. But, Sir, 'tis yet time enough to resolve.

Hear. I would not plead my Family or Fortune, where my Love should be rejected; — Those Motives however considerable with others, are below your Merit, and cannot determine your Choice. — But if —

L. Wor.

L. Wor. Sir, the Affair you mention, is of very great Moment, the Happiness of my Life depending upon it; — As it requires serious Reflection, I must take Time to consider of it.

Hear. Madam, I take my leave: — I perceive Love pleads too potently in my Lord's Behalf, you persist to think in his Favour; — it is the only Fault I know in you, and I fear you'll not correct it suddenly. *[Exit.]*

L. Wor. Yes, but I will correct that, and myself too: I have suffer'd my self to be dazzled by the false Grace, the glare of superficial Merit; but I am not so far gone in Love, as to have lost the use of my Reason, and common Sense: — If my Lord continues. —

Enter FINESSE.

Fin. Madam, here's a Letter, which was forgot to be delivered to you last Night.

L. Wor. 'Tis my Father's Hand. — *[Reads.]*

I set out with my Letter, and expect to be in London to morrow, without fail; — I have been inform'd that your Brother keeps ill Company, and that he has lately made an Acquaintance with a young Lord, whose Intimacy will utterly ruin him: — As I cannot stay long with you, I have resolv'd before my Departure, to marry you to Mr Blunt, a country Gentleman, plain and honest; and who, tho' somewhat singular in his Behaviour, is a man of Sense: — Your Youth does not admit your continuing a Widow, and I suppose you'll find no Difficulty in conforming to the Will of him, who only seeks your Happiness and Advantage.

Manly.

Fin. Your Father arrives to Day, intending to marry you to Mr Blunt, — Mercy on us! He's the most ungainly, morose, old, humourfome, unpolite *Englishman*, that ever I knew.

L. Wor.

14 *A TUTOR for the BEAUS:*

L. Wor. O *Finesse*! What cruel News is this! — What a Variety of anxious Emotions it gives me! — I love *Lord Modely*, whom I ought not so much as to esteem; — I esteem *Mr Heartly*, and wish I could love him; — And I hate *Mr Blunt*, whom I'm oblig'd to marry, since my Father will have it so.

Fin. But, Madam, are you not a Widow, and consequently your own Mistress?

L. Wor. My Youth, the Tenderness my Father has always express'd for me, and the Advantages I expect from him, will not permit me to disobey him.

Fin. What! — Madam, can you resolve to venture again upon a homebred Man, after the Hardships you experienc'd with your first Husband? — Have you so soon forgot the uncomfortable Life you led, during your two Year's Sufferings with him? — Why, he was continually gloomy and absolute, never said a soft or tender Thing to you; — In the Morning he rose out of Humour to come home Drunk at Night: — A fine Time you had of it! — Then as to the passing of the Day, he'd leave you, to amuse your self with Wives as wretched as your self: — Your sole Diversion was knotting a Fringe, or embroidering a Cushion; — And such delightful Amusements: — In short, Madam, if your Ladyship resolves upon so blessed a Marriage, I hope you won't take it ill, if I desire to be dismiss'd immediately.

L. Wor. What would you have me do?

Fin. Do! — Why have the Courage to make your self happy, by marrying a Man that has been bred in *France*. — Consider, Madam, the *French* are the best Husbands in the World, and ought to be the Models of all Nations: — A *Frenchman* has an hundred Times more Politeness and Complacency for his Wife, than an *Englishman* for his Mistress: —

A

A beautiful Lady like you, wou'd be ador'd by her Husband in *France*: He would not think it possible to make a better use of his Estate, than to employ it, tho' he ruin'd himself, for your Sake: Nothing would be a greater Pleasure to him, than to see you shine in the richest Cloaths, the best Laces, the finest Jewels, attracting the Eyes, and captivating the Hearts of all Beholders: — Then, the most magnificent Apartments, a sumptuous Coach, and the sprucest Lackeys would be all for your Ladyship: — A croud of Admirers would be perpetually contending for the Honour of pleasing you, — ingenious to amuse you, studious of your Taste, and even preventing your Desires: — In short, they would exhaust themselves, in giving Balls and Entertainments: — Your Life would be a continual Circle of vary'd Pleasures, without your Husband's daring to find Fault, for fear of being pointed at, by all the well-bred, and polite Part of the World. — This I know to be true, from my Observations, during my Residence in *France*.

L. Wor. But, *Finesse*, how shall I reconcile my Father?

Fin. You must speak to him with the Spirit of Freedom and Resolution, that becomes a Widow, without quitting the Respect of a Daughter: — You must represent to him, that the general run of Husbands are not intended by Nature to make a Woman happy; — That you have already severely experienc'd that Truth, and that a Match more Advantageous, and more agreeable to your Inclination offers it self; — A young, handsome Lord, educated in *France*.

L. Wor. My Father will never consent to it; — He is already prepossess'd against him, as appears by his Letter; — For it is certainly Lord *Modely* he means,

Fin.

16 *A TUTOR for the BEAUS:*

Fin. Your Ladyship's Father is a Man of Sense, and it will be no hard Matter to make him hearken to Reason.

L. Wor. But I have no Reason to be satisfied with my Lord *Modely*, his Indiscretion and Absurdity —

Fin. Pshaw, pshaw, you must make some Allowance, in favour of his Youth and fine Person.

L. Wor. His Youth and fine Person, have too great Effect upon his Manners and Conduct. — He is too much pleas'd with them himself, and I'm afraid they were never intended to make any body else happy: — All that is dear to me, is at Stake — However, I shall try him a little farther.

When graceful Form, and soft Respect invade,
An easy Entrance to the Heart is made;
Apt to believe what flatters our Desires,
Reason a-while Revolts to join Love's Fires;
But if that wary Guardian chance to find,
External Charms conceal a worthless Mind,
With Love's false Band *the Pow'r disdains* to stay,
And drives the fond Delusion, swift away.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T. II.

S C E N E. *A Chamber in
Belville's House.*

Enter Sir CHARLES, and BELVILLE.

Sir Charles.

What, *Belville*! and dress'd so early?
Bel. Sir *Charles*, your's — I had some uneasy Thoughts oblig'd me to rise sooner than usual;
but

but the Business you had out of Town, as you told me last Night, did not seem to admit so early a return to Day.

Sir Char. My early Rising proceeds from bad Repose, as well as yours, and perhaps has the same Cause, if a Mistress has any Share in it.

Bel. You have not been long enough arriv'd, for any Anxiety of that Nature, I presume.

Sir Char. Faith, Friend, you're mistaken; — Love and Uneasiness are generally Companions, and half my Time in Town would have serv'd me for a sufficient Share of both.

Bel. You're a Man of a warm Complexion to be in Love so soon: — Come, I'll make you my Confident, upon Condition you'll tell me your Adventure.

Sir Char. Content.

Bel. How happy was I, *Sir Charles*, when we were Students at *Oxford*; no Cares distur'b my Rest, no Pain, but the absence of my Friends, which I could always relieve with little, or no Difficulty; — Between their Company, my Books, and the Pleasures of the Place; Life was a continual Circle of Gaiety and Delight: Love was unknown to me, and all it's Train of Evils: — But since that cruel Passion has engross'd me, I am become a different Creature, and my Desires have left me no rest. — The Object of them is a Lady of Birth and Fortune, to whom, I have some time made my Addresses, and been well receiv'd: — We were upon the Point of coming to an Agreement, when *Clarinda*, (with whom I had formerly some little Gallantry) assures this Lady in a Letter, that I was engag'd to marry her: Her Resentment has banish'd me her Presence, without permitting me to make my Defence; and you may imagine, what I suffer by a Sentence, that deprives me of seeing a Woman I adore, and that

D

gives

18 · *A TUTOR for the BEAUS:*

gives me Reason to apprehend I may lose her for ever.

Sir Char. You make your self unhappy, by desponding; — The Violence of her Resentment upon such an Occasion, argues no common Passion for you, and looks too much like Jealousy, to give you just cause of Uneasiness: — Tho' she forbids your seeing her, she wants to be undeceiv'd, or she had treated the Affair with Indifference: — Take my word for it, you'll soon have the Pleasure of a Reconciliation, if that be all.

Enter HARRIOT and PINUP at the upper End.

Har. As my Brother don't know of my being abroad, I'll steal this way to my Apartment.

Pin. Hold, Madam, there's your Brother, and the Stranger with him.

Har. Unlucky Accident! — Let us retire and listen.

Sir Charles. I am now to tell you my Adventure, which is perhaps, as whimsical a Business, as you have heard of a great while.

Har. [*Aside.*] Now comes on my part of the History.

Sir Char. It is now about ten Days since I came from *Flanders*; — Ever since I have been at your House; — One morning Fancy led me to take a turn in the Park; I had not been long there, before I met a Lady in a Mask, her taking particular Notice of me, gave me Reason to believe she design'd to parley with me; — Upon which, that I might not be wanting to the Occasion, by way of Introduction, I made her a *Congè*, she return'd it, calling me at the same time, by my Name. You may easily imagine this was sufficient ground for a Compliment to her, upon her Notice of a Stranger, who did not imagine himself so happy to be known among the Ladies: — She
reply'd

reply'd in a feign'd Voice, that I was mistaken, if I took my self for a Stranger to her, or her Companion, for there was another with her.

Pin. He repeats the Conversation you had with him.

L. Har. Oh! that we could hinder him: He'll certainly discover us.

Bel. Proceed.

Sir Char. After some Conversation, in which she gave such Instances of her Wit and Politeness, as would have charm'd the coldest Mortal in the World, she took her leave, enjoining me not to enquire who she was, or to follow her; — I have since met her several times in the same Place, but the last was this Morning, when I fully resolv'd to follow her, and to know who she was: — But she turn'd short upon me, and insisted I should go no farther than the Corner of this Street: — And will you believe me, I had Complaisance enough to acquiesce, tho' I am excessively in Love, and don't know whether I shall ever see her more, for I have only her bare Word for it.

Bel. This Street! did you say?

Sir Char. She can't live far from hence, I fancy; for I lost Sight of her in a Moment.

L. Har. If he goes on, we are certainly discover'd.

Enter PLAITWELL.

Bel. Well, Sir —

Sir Char. She seem'd so —

Plait. Mr Belville, may I speak with you alone.

Bel. Oh, Mrs Plaitwell, do you doubt that?

Har. [*Aside.*] Reliev'd by a Miracle, from my Brother's Censure of my Conduct and Confusion.

Bel. Sir Charles, I must beg you to defer the rest of your Story till another Opportunity: — For this is a Servant of the Lady I told you of.

Sir Char. Belville, yours — At our next meeting then.

[*Exit.*]

Bel.

Bel. I did not expect to see you at this early Hour, Mrs *Plaitwell*.

Plait. I chose to come so soon, Sir, lest I should be discover'd; — For if my Lady knew it, I should be the most unfortunate Person in the World, I verily believe she'd poison me.

Bel. She's very cruel to me, *Plaitwell*.

Plait. That she is, indeed, Sir, — And I am very sorry, that she should use so fine a Gentleman, so sweet, so noble, so generous a Gentleman, with so much ill Humour and Barbarity, that I am come on purpose to offer you my Service.

Bel. Oh, Mrs *Plaitwell*, let that express my Gratitude. [Gives her Money.]

Plait. Thank you, Sir.

Bel. And what does your beautiful Lady say of me?

Plait. Oh lud! — I can't tell you what — but one thing worse than you can possibly conceive, or imagine.

Bel. Pray, what's that?

Plait. Why, that your Inconstancy will certainly break her Heart.

Bel. She wrongs me infinitely.

Plait. Then why don't you tell her so, Sir?

Bel. Because she'll neither see, nor hear me.

Plait. If you'll keep it a great Secret from all the World, and be sure from my Lady, I'll venture to bring her where you may talk with her.

Bel. Do that, *Plaitwell*, and you command me for ever.

Plait. Follow me, Sir, and when my Master's abroad, I'll leave the back Door open, and then you may come directly to my Lady's Apartment.

Bel. Thou giv'st me new Life!

Plait. This is the proper Time, don't delay, but come along immediately.

Bel. Directly, this Moment.

Plait.

Plait. This way, Sir : — [Aside.] How easy 'tis to lure a Lover to his Mistress.

[*Exeunt Bel, and Plait.*]

Har. What a terrible Fright have I been in.

Pin. And, Sir *Charles*, will pursue the Story, when he sees your Brother next.

Har. But I have thought of a Remedy for that.

Pin. What is it?

Har. I'll write to him to avoid talking of any thing that has pass'd between us, till he sees me, which shall be this Evening.

Pin. Will you make your self known to him?

Har. Not for the World.

Pin. How then?

Har. My Brother's in Love with Lady *Betty Manly*, my particular Friend : — Now, I'll make her my Confident, and then *Pinup*, you shall be privy to as odd a Contrivance, as ever Love suggested, or Woman executed : — But I must lose no time, and have occasion for all your Address in my Project.

Pin. Your Ladyship knows how entirely I am at your Disposal.

Har. Come along then.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, a Chamber.

Enter Young MANLY, meeting Lady WORTHY, and FINESSE.

Y. Man. Good Morrow, Sister.

L. Wor. Thank you, Brother ; — your Company's very rare of late.

Y. Man. Why, what would you have me do? You have remov'd, and I did not know your new Lodgings : — Besides, since I saw you last, I have been continually engag'd in a Chain of Pleasures ; — I have made an Acquaintance with a young Nobleman, Lord *Modely*, bred in *France* — the most agreeable young Fellow, the most amiable,
the

the most— Look'ee, in short, I, who shine, (without Vanity) in the best Company's here, am a meer Country Booby in comparison with him; — I had no Notion of Life, before I knew him: — How much he has improv'd me in five or six Conversations, and in what Manner he has new moulded me in a few Days, is not conceivable! — don't you find me very much alter'd, Sister?

L. Wor. Yes, indeed, Brother, I find you much more ridiculous than before.

Fin. Don't mind your Sister, Sir; you are much more janty than before.

Y. Man I was a Fool, bashfull, and awkward among the Ladies, without a Word to say for myself: — But at present the Case is alter'd; were you to see me in the midst of a Circle of Women, you'd be surpriz'd! — I jest, Caper, Laugh, Sing, Pinch, Tickle, Play the Fool, and Whisk from one to another, to the high Delight and Amuzement of them all: — In Publick I appear respectful and reserv'd; — but in Private, no Body so bold and enterprizing: And let me Perish, if any Thing pleases the Fair Sex, so well as a noble Assurance.

L. Wor. You are quite spoil'd, Brother; you are grown a Rake.

Fin. A little Rakishness becomes Youth, Madam; and nothing Forms a Man more than the Company of the Ladies.

Y. Man. Finesse, is in the right: — 'Tis to her I'm oblig'd for my first Lessons of Politeness, which I don't forget: — *Ma foy, vives les Femmes!* — They're the Soul of all Pleasures — For is there any Thing so charming as a fine Woman, when she Sings in praise of Love or Wine, with the Glass in her Hand ready to Melt into her Lover's Arms? — We English don't know our own Interest; when we banish Women our Party's of Pleasure, we Drink for the sake of Drinking, and have the Spleen

Spleen in the midst of our highest Enjoyments: — 'Tis the *French* alone who knows how to make an agreeable Debauch: — The Night before last, I had certainly the most Elegant Supper at the *King's-Arms*, entirely dress'd by a French Cook, and serv'd in such a Manner! — We had Women too: — Well, Sister, I never had more Pleasure in my Life; — So much Wit! so much Mirth! so much Sensuality! and so many pretty Things we did and said! — I wish'd you there more than once; — And faith, if you knew all, you're not a little oblig'd to me.

L. Wor. My Lord is a fine Tutor, and Infuses such Notions into you, that I don't doubt your making a great Figure soon, upon the Strength of his Precepts and Example.

Y. Man. I'll bring you acquainted with him, which is not difficult, for he lodges in the same House with you; I have already spoke to him about you, without mentioning your Name. Gad, I have a Thought! — I'm to give him a Supper to Night at the *King's-Arms*, all is order'd for it; you shall make one amongst us, and *Finesse* too.

Fin. You do me too much Honour, Sir.

L. Wor. I agree to it, upon Condition, that my Father, who comes to Town to Day, may be of the Party.

Y. Man. My Father comes to Town to Day!

L. Wor. Yes, to Day — and is not unacquainted with your great Improvements, which have their Share in the Occasion of his Journey.

Y. Man. He comes very *mal à propos* — How troublesome are these old Fathers? — Why there's our Party spoil'd now; — Well, adieu, Sister; I'll go and countermand the Supper, and Excuse myself to the Company. [Exit.]

Fin. Your Brother, Madam, improves vastly.

L. Wor. Yes, in his Pollies — He is now Lifted into the Society of all the Beaus in *England*.

—— An insufferable Production of your *Petit Maitres*.

24 *A TUTOR for the BEAUS:*

Maitres, with all their Defects, and none of their good Quality's — But I hear Somebody [*looking out*] — So, it is that Nasty Odious Fellow *Blunt*; since I know he's to be my Husband; I find him still more disagreeable, and nauseous, if possible.

Fin. That's natural — walk into the next Room, Madam, and let me alone to receive his Visit for you; I'll soon dismiss him after the *French* Manner. [*Exit L. Wor.*]

Enter Mr. BLUNT, FINESSE Courtesying.

Blunt, Ha' done with your Foolish Courtesy's.

Fin. You are naturally so Civil, and so Com-plaisant to others, Sir, that one's never tir'd with being so to you.

Blunt, What, more of your Foolish Tittle Tattle — Come, come, to the Point, where's your Lady?

Fin. She's not Visible, Sir.

Blunt, Pr'ythee don't Trifle with me; — She ought to make her future Spouse no Stranger.

Fin. Ha! ha! ha! — You her future Spouse! ha! ha! ha! —

Blunt, Yes, I myself — Is there any Thing ridiculous in that?

Fin. I ask your Pardon, Sir; — But your Figure is really so extraordinary, that I can't help Laughing at it for my Life, ha! ha! ha!

Blunt, You are an impudent Slut with all your Civility.

Fin. But Sir. —

Blunt, Call me no Sirs — my Name's *Blunt*, and not Sir — I have told you above an Hundred Times, Sweet-heart, that Title was Offensive to my Ears, there are so many Blockheads who bear it.

Fin. Well then, Mr *Blunt*, since it must be plain Mr *Blunt*, look in the Glass, without too much Fondness for your strange Person, and it will be easy for

for you to find out, that you are too Fat and Old; too Ugly and Shocking, only to appear before a fine Lady; and would you pretend to be her Husband: — I'll shew you a young Lord, who has had *French* Education, he lives in this House; He's what you call a pretty Fellow, and yet nothing in Comparifon with many Noblemen at the *French* Court.

Blunt, I durst lay a Wager, it is that Jack-Daw, Lord *Modely*; I should not be sorry to see him, for I have heard fo ridiculous a Description of him, that —

Fin. Speak with more Respect of a Man of Quality.

Blunt, What say you? — Of a Man of Quality — Why I Laugh at all imaginary Nobility; — Honest Men are the only true Gentlemen, and there's nothing ignoble, but Vice —

Fin. Just the Discourse of a Mechanic, who would fet up for a Philosopher.

Blunt, I find this will not gain her to my Interest: — The Jade I suppose, has been us'd to a Fee; I must open my Purse, and retain her: — Let me see, a Crown — ay a Crown — hum, is not that too much? — no, not if it Answers the End.

[*Offers Finesse a Crown*]

Fin. What de'ye mean! What's this for?

Blunt, O, nothing, *Finesse*, but an Earnest of my future Esteem; let you and I be Friends — 'tis a small Present for a Pair of Gloves.

Fin. A Crown! do you think I'd sell my Interest in my Lady for a Crown? — no, keep it for your own miserable Servants at home.

[*Walking angrily backwards and forwards*]

Blunt, What then, 'tis too little, is it? — What a Hawk's Eye this Creature has to Money! — How covetous she is! — Well, I believe I must e'en make it Half a Guinea — But if I should not succeed with her Lady, I shall lose it all, and then I shall bribe the Jade to a fair purpose: —

E

Well

Well, *Finesse*, you'll shew your Gratitude, by being my Friend.

[*As Blunt is offering her half a Guinea, and is holding the Purse in his Hand, she snatches it.*]

Fin. Your Friend, ay, I was never otherwise — let me see [Musing.]

Blunt. Wounds! — She has got my Purse, hold, hold, I can't support that. — There are Ten Guineas in that Purse.

Fin. Ten Guineas, Sir! — do you consider my Lady's Fortune?

Blunt. Ha, Fortune! Wounds, I consider nothing. — Ten Guineas! Why Ten Guineas would purchase a Corporation, and —

Fin. Ay, Sir, but when fifty Thousand are at Stake; methinks there's no great Hazard in taking the Odds.

Blunt. Hum — that's true — if she'd return the Money, provided her Mistress — let me see the Purse, Child, I'll give you fifty Guineas, when we are marry'd. — [*Aside.*] Or send you to the Devil for asking 'em.

Fin. No, Sir, — I'll give you a good Word worth fifty times as much, — don't you know, my Lady does nothing without my Advice and Consent? [*Pertly.*]

Blunt. Why, there it is now, an exorbitant Slut! — She must e'en — what, ten Guineas! — Wounds, who would make Love to a fine Lady?

Fin. My Lady's Father, Lord *Manly*, comes to Town to Day, and if you'll come in the Evening, I'll prepare her Ladyship for your Reception, and then her Father, who is your Friend, may second you, — but here comes my Lord.

Blunt. Her Advice, and Consent! — Wounds, ten Guineas! —

Enter Lord MODELY.

Fin. [*Aside to Lord Modely.*] Here's a Man I present to you, my Lord, to polish, he's in great Need

Need of it, for he's very Brutish, I recommend him to your Care: — His Name's *Blunt*, you may call him *Jack Blunt*, don't forget it. [Exit.]

L. Mod. [*Aside.*] She's in the right, this Man has no advantageous Aspect; — Nevertheless, I'll accost him with the usual Politeness of my own Character — Sir, may I be so free as to ask the Reason of so particular an Attention?

Blunt. Curiosity.

L. Mod. Curiosity; hum — but pray, Sir, in what can I be serviceable to you?

Blunt. In telling me really, whether or no, you are *Lord Modely*?

L. Mod. the same — I am he —

Blunt. Since 'tis so, — I'll sit down to consider you at my Ease.

L. Mod. Why, you have no Ceremony, as far as I can see.

Blunt. [*Speaking slowly.*] Come, Courage — give your self some Airs, make some of your Alambodes — say some of your fine Things — I'll hearken to you.

L. Mod. Hum — Friend *Blunt*, I believe you jest, you rally — so much the better *Morbleu*, so much the better — I love Persons who shew their Wit, tho' it be even at my own Expence, I see you are come to make a Tryal of it with me, — agreed — 'tis proposing a Party of Pleasure to me: — But have a care, I'm a rough Gamester, I tell you before hand, I have foil'd better than you, — when once my Brain's heated, it's like Fireworks, meer Fireworks and Crackers: — Well, what, you an't frighten'd already, your silent; — Come, have a good Heart, defend your self, Man: I hate Glory, when too easily acquir'd: — You begin with a Flash, and then leave off, you don't answer — come, confess your self vanquish'd, well, what say you? — What, not a Word: — Hallo, hey, *Jack Blunt*, are you a-sleep, or a-wake?

a-wake? — Oh, *parbleu!* you are the most silent Animal! I believe he does it on purpose, to put me out of all Patience — no, no, that won't pass upon me: — I'll follow his Example, and begin an *English* Conversation. [*Sits down opposite to Blunt.*] How d'ye do? [*bowing.*] How d'ye do? — How d'ye do? — If any one was to listen, he'd be charm'd. — Well then, Sir, you have nothing more to say to me, why really, Sir, I must confess your Conversation is very agreeable, and very instructive; — whence do you borrow all the fine Sentences you utter? — you flash Jest worthy Notice, — was I in your Place, Sir, I'd have a Man continually at my Elbow, to collect my Repartees; — it would undoubtedly make a fine Book.

Blunt. [*Rising hastily.*] And you a fine Character in a Play — as to what I say, it would not be tedious to the Publick: — Better to hold one's Tongue, than talk Nonsense, and to retire, than listen to it: — So, farewell, I have given you time to set out your Impertinence, because I had a Mind to know whether you were really as ridiculous, as I had been told; I must do you Justice, you surpass your Reputation: — I think you are in the Wrong to be seen for nothing: — You are a very pretty Buffoon, and the Sight of you, is as well worth three Shillings, as any of the *French* Dancers upon our Stages. [*Exit.*]

L. Mod. I wou'd teach this Brute Manners, but that he's below the Dignity of my Resentment: — I am, besides, oblig'd to him upon one Account; for of all Mankind, I would pitch upon him for a Rival of a Father's recommending, ha, ha, ha.

When some gross Clown makes Love, the suf-
(f'ring Fair,
Laughs at his Speech, and ridicules his Air;
Each aukward Grace she sees with new Disdain,
Whilst ev'ry Look, and Gesture, speak her Pain:
But

But should some bright, some polish'd Youth appear
Gladly to him, the Nymph inclines her Ear,
Repeats the Brute's Attempt, her Heart to move.
And scorns his Rival, to express her Love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE. *A Chamber in Lord Manly's House.*

Lady BETTY MANLY discover'd Reading.

What shall I do? — My Life is grown a Burden to me: — Grief, Rage, Despair, — painful Vicissitudes! prey on my tender Heart, and rob my Soul of rest: This Hydry, Jealousy, is compos'd of such variety of Tortures, that no Woman sure would entertain the cruel Passion, but fly it, like the worst of human Evils.

Enter PLAITWELL.

Plait. Madam.

L. Bet. *Plaitwell*, What News do you bring?

Plait. I have manag'd my Part successfully: — I went to Mr *Belville's* House, under pretence of great Concern, for his being under your Ladyship's Displeasure: — As soon as he saw me, Sighing and Trembling, he enquir'd after you; — I gave him an Account of your Anger and Anxiety, begging that he would never mention that I had been with him, and ask'd, why he did not wait upon your Ladyship to excuse himself; — he told me, he was afraid you would not see him; to which, I reply'd, I would run the Hazard of leaving the back Door open, that he might come more conveniently to your Apartment; he was overjoy'd, and swore Secrecy: — He is now opposite the House, waiting for the Signal I'm to give him, for his Entrance.

L. Bet. Do it directly, *Plaitwell*. [*Exit Plait.*] Tho' I believe him Guilty, and my Jealousy just: — Yet I would fain know, how he will excuse himself; — and tho' I receive him with all the Indifference his Ingratitude deserves, he has a Friend within, that with the Assistance of a few false Professions,

essions, will make it easy to Deceive me: — I must hide my Thoughts, and dress my Looks in dissembled Coldness.

Enter PLAITWELL and BELVILLE.

Bel. You give me Life and Happiness!

Plait. [*To Belville.*] Now must I Dissemble; and seem Angry: — What d'ye mean, Mr *Belville*, to intrude thus rudely into my Lady's Apartment?

L. Bet. What Noise is that?

Plait. Mr *Belville*, Madam, has forc'd into the House, without my Knowledge.

L. Bet. What Rudeness is this, Sir, to presume to come into my Apartment without my Leave.

Bel. Those, who desire to die, don't consider, or fear any Thing: — if I must die by your Disdain, at least, let it be at your Feet, and then I shall expire with Joy, because it gives you Pleasure.

L. Bet. [*Angrily.*] This is your Doing, *Plaitwell*.

Plait. Mine, Madam!

L. Bet. Had you kept the Door shut—

Plait. It was shut, indeed, Madam.

Bel. Don't chide *Plaitwell*, Madam, if there is any Fault, I am alone to blame.

L. Bet. True, Sir, you are to blame, in writing those Letters to *Clarinda*, visiting her so often, and then deceiving her and me, when one might have imagin'd from your Professions, that you had been a Man of Honour: — What would you have here, Sir?

Bel. I only desire, Madam, an Opportunity to prove my Innocence, and make you sensible of what I suffer by your unkind Disdain, and mistaken Jealousy.

L. Bet. Who told you, Sir, that I am Jealous?

Bel. Your Ladyship, Madam: — Tho' you are pleas'd to contradict your self.

L. Bet. In what manner, Sir?

Bel.

Bel. Why, Madam, either you are Jealous, or you are not: — If you are not, why are you angry for what you don't Value? — If you are Jealous, why then don't you desire to be undeceiv'd? — Look'ye, Madam, I am come to give you all the Satisfaction in my Power.

L. Bet. Do you come to Insult me, Sir? — who is Angry; or who is Jealous? — or, if I were Angry, does it follow of Course, that they who are Angry, must be Jealous? — I'll hear you no more, 'till you know how to treat me with Respect, at least [going]

Bel. Come, come, Madam, you shall hear me, before I go, tho' you had Death in your Eyes, and would kill me for the Presumption.

L. Bet. Will you go, if I hear you?

Bel. Yes Madam.

L. Bet. Then speak quickly, and be gone.

Bel. Why then, Madam, I positively Affirm, that I never lov'd *Clarinda*, and adore Lady *Betty*, tho' she injures me. —

L. Bet. Meer Flattery, Sir; the common Cant of every Man, when he betrays our easy Sex: — But do you imagine me weak enough, to be deceiv'd by a few false, unmeaning Words, after such a Proof of your Ingratitude? — you have often said as much, and I too long believ'd you: — you have already shewn no common Genius for deceiving in that Strain; If that be all your Apology, the Proof of your Innocence —

Bel. But you won't hear me, Madam.

L. Bet. Can you have any Excuse?

Bel. Yes. Madam, such a one, would you but hear me speak, as —

L. Bet. Will you be gone then? — oh Love! oh! Heart!

Bel. I will, when you have heard me out.

L. Bet. Well, Sir.

Bel. I own, Madam, I did formerly make my [Sighing]
Ad-

Addresses to *Clarinda*, whilst I approv'd her Conduct ; — But it was long before I had the Honour of knowing you ; — May all that Man can suffer, may your Unkindness be eternally my Fate, if ever I saw her, since I was happy in your Notice ; — What can I say more ? Can you be so cruel to Sacrifice the Man who lives but in your Smiles, to an idle Rumour, founded on a Woman's Malice and Resentment ?

Pla. O dear Sir, my Lord's come home — the Chariot's at the Gate.

L. Bet. Go thro' that Apartment, Sir, you'll find a Door, will lead you into another Street.

Bel. Am I acquitted, Lady Betty ?

L. Bet. As you desire.

Bel. Then I am happy — Madam, adieu, I'll wait on you in the Evening. [*Exit BELVILLE.*]

L. Bet. Oh ! my Heart ! — to what inexpressible Anguish are they liable, who love, and doubt : —

When the dear Youth with soft, prevailing Art,
Has won the tender Maid's unpractis'd Heart ;
If from some new Desire, he seems to rove,
False to his frequent Vows of endless Love :
No Pangs can with her Jealous Rage compare,
Ev'n Agonies are Joys, to her Dispair.

A C T. III.

S C E N E. *A Chamber in Lord Manley's House.*

Enter HARRIOT, L. BETTY and PLAITWELL.

L. Betty.

Dear Lady *Harriot*, how glad am I to see you !
Har. And nothing gives me more Pleasure,
than to find you well.

L. Bet. Were I not so, a Visit from you would have the Effect of the best Medicine.

Har

Har. I'm afraid you'll change your Opinion of my Visit, when you know 'tis only to give you Trouble.

L. Bet. That Trouble is easily remov'd, by telling me how I can serve you.

Har. Lady *Betty*, I think I may rely upon your Friendship.

L. Bet. I think 'tis a Breach of yours to Doubt it ; but this Preamble makes me very earnest, to know what Instance I can give you of it.

Har. Are we alone ?

L. Bet. If you desire to be so— *Plaitwell*, leave the Room.

Har. No, *Plaitwell*, may stay ; — I shall have Occasion for her Assistance.

L. Bet. Well, Lady *Harriot*.

Har. I don't know whether my Brother has told you, that Sir *Charles Freelove* (his particular Friend, from their being at the same College together) is come from the Army, and by my Brother's Invitation lodges in our House : — My Brother has not introduc'd him to me, from a Notion I have heard him often express ; that it is dangerous for amiable Persons of different Sexes, to be intimate with each other, unless Marriage be the Intention of their Familiarity : — Sir *Charles's* Estate has been involv'd for many Years, from various Revolutions of one kind or another, which, with his being a Soldier, is, I suppose, a sufficient Reason to my Brother for keeping us at a Distance. I have, however, seen this Gentleman several Times from my Window, without being seen ; and am not much surpriz'd at my Brother's Precaution : — In short, I was tempted to try whether his Mind and Person, were equally amiable : — I had him dog'd to the Park, and follow'd him thither with my Maid, both mask'd— It was not difficult to give a Soldier, and consequently a Man of Enterprize, Encouragement enough to begin a Conversation in that Disguise ; — and I assure you, his Wit and Breeding, are far from disparaging his fine Mien, or I'm a bad Judge.

F

L. Bet.

L. Bet. You have a great deal of Courage, my Dear; — I could not have done such a thing for the World; — and pray, how came you off in your Enterprize?

Har. O, triumphantly; — with the Loss only — of my Heart — but I was terribly afraid he would have seen me Home; — for he threaten'd it with the Excuse of a violent Passion for me; I was forc'd to shew him my Face, and promise him a meeting.

L. Bet. And pray, how will your adventurous Ladyship keep your Word with him?

Har. An Accident has happen'd, that makes it absolutely necessary for me to do it directly: — Would you think it? — I was scarce got home, when I overheard him telling my Brother all that had pass'd between us in the Park; and had not your Maid miraculously come to my Relief, he was so exact in his Descriptions, that I should certainly have been discover'd.

L. Bet. And how will you avoid it now?

Har. By seeing him directly: — Confiding in your Friendship, I have sent him a Letter to meet me here as soon as possible, which is the Favour I am to ask of you.

L. Bet. Indeed, Lady *Harriot*, you have done very imprudently; before you wrote to Sir *Charles*, you ought to have consider'd the Inconveniences that may attend me.

Har. I did, my Dear, and am convinc'd no ill Consequence can happen to you.

L. Bet. How so? — for if —

Har. Hear me; — your House has two Doors into different Streets, — *Pinup*, shall introduce him the back-Way; he's a Stranger, and won't easily find the Street again.

L. Bet. But what if he should; and upon Enquiry who lives here, imagine me to be the Lady in the Mask.

Har.

Har. I design to appear as if at Home ; — Our Conversation has been so Innocent, that your Character cannot suffer by it, let what will happen : — This is the highest Proof you can give me of your Friendship ; and therefore, don't make so many Difficulties of it.

L. Bet. My Father may interrupt you ; — [*Aside.*] But what's more Dangerous, how shall I account with Mr *Belville*, for being privy to an Affair between his Sister and Friend.

Har. Don't be uneasy, Lady *Betty*, I warrant all will go right ; for there are none but Persons of Honour concern'd ; — remember I have no other Means to avoid Disgrace, and perhaps Unhappiness.

Enter PINUP.

Pin. Madam, I have obey'd your Commands, and with some Difficulty, have found Sir *Charles*.

Har. Well, what says he ?

Pin. I gave him the Letter ; — He followed me, and is now at the back Door.

L. Bet. I am in great Pain for the Consequence of this Affair.

Har. Pinup, do you introduce Sir *Charles*. [*Exit Pinup*] I would not have him see you (*to L. Betty*) *Plaitwell* shall pass for my Maid.

L. Bet. Well, *Harriot*, you are the Mistress of this House, look to yourself — I wish this Affair may have no unfortunate Event.

[*Exeunt L. Betty and Plaitwell.*]

Enter Sir CHARLES and PINUP.

Pin. Here is the Lady Sir.

Sir Cha. And here the most happy of all Mankind !

Har. Don't you think me very free, Sir, to send for you in this Manner ?

Sir Cha. It would ill become me to censure a Freedom that gives me so much Happiness : however, I shall never suspect my good Fortune, after such an Instance in my Favour, and prefer this Effect of it, to all other Advantages it can produce.

L. Bet. You have a great deal of Courage, my Dear; — I could not have done such a thing for the World; — and pray, how came you off in your Enterprize?

Har. O, triumphantly; — with the Loss only — of my Heart — but I was terribly afraid he would have seen me Home; — for he threaten'd it with the Excuse of a violent Passion for me; I was forc'd to shew him my Face, and promise him a meeting.

L. Bet. And pray, how will your adventurous Ladyship keep your Word with him?

Har. An Accident has happen'd, that makes it absolutely necessary for me to do it directly: — Would you think it? — I was scarce got home, when I overheard him telling my Brother all that had pass'd between us in the Park; and had not your Maid miraculously come to my Relief, he was so exact in his Descriptions, that I should certainly have been discover'd.

L. Bet. And how will you avoid it now?

Har. By seeing him directly: — Confiding in your Friendship, I have sent him a Letter to meet me here as soon as possible, which is the Favour I am to ask of you.

L. Bet. Indeed, Lady Harriot, you have done very imprudently; before you wrote to Sir Charles, you ought to have consider'd the Inconveniences that may attend me.

Har. I did, my Dear, and am convinc'd no ill Consequence can happen to you.

L. Bet. How so? — for if —

Har. Hear me; — your House has two Doors into different Streets, — *Pinup*, shall introduce him the back Way; he's a Stranger, and won't easily find the Street again.

L. Bet. But what if he should; and upon Enquiry who lives here, imagine me to be the Lady in the Mask.

Har.

Har. I design to appear as if at Home ; — Our Conversation has been so Innocent, that your Character cannot suffer by it, let what will happen : — This is the highest Proof you can give me of your Friendship ; and therefore, don't make so many Difficulties of it.

L. Bet. My Father may interrupt you ; — [*Aside.*] But what's more Dangerous, how shall I account with Mr *Belville*, for being privy to an Affair between his Sister and Friend.

Har. Don't be uneasy, Lady *Betty*, I warrant all will go right ; for there are none but Persons of Honour concern'd ; — remember I have no other Means to avoid Disgrace, and perhaps Unhappiness.

Enter PINUP.

Pin. Madam, I have obey'd your Commands, and with some Difficulty, have found Sir *Charles*.

Har. Well, what says he ?

Pin. I gave him the Letter ; — He followed me, and is now at the back Door.

L. Bet. I am in great Pain for the Consequence of this Affair.

Har. Pinup, do you introduce Sir *Charles*. [*Exit Pinup*] I would not have him see you (*to L. Betty*) *Plaitwell* shall pass for my Maid.

L. Bet. Well, *Harriot*, you are the Mistress of this House, look to yourself — I wish this Affair may have no unfortunate Event.

[*Exeunt L. Betty and Plaitwell.*]

Enter Sir CHARLES and PINUP.

Pin. Here is the Lady Sir.

Sir Cha. And here the most happy of all Mankind !

Har. Don't you think me very free, Sir, to send for you in this Manner ?

Sir Cha. It would ill become me to censure a Freedom that gives me so much Happiness : however, I shall never suspect my good Fortune, after such an Instance in my Favour, and prefer this Effect of it, to all other Advantages it can produce.

Har. Tho' your Conversation this Morning was very agreeable, *Sir Charles*; I sent for you to chide you for an Indiscretion that concerns me very nearly.

Sir Cha. An Indiscretion that concerns you, *Madam*! — You surprize me!

Har. Yes, *Sir* — and reduces me unwillingly to reproach you with it.

Sir Char. If I have any Faults of that kind, to acquaint me with them, will lay me under the greatest Obligation: — For as they are the last of all Crimes I wou'd commit, so are they the first I wou'd correct.

Hear. Pray, *Sir Charles*, what do you think of the Man, who describes the Behaviour, and repeats the Conversation of a Woman of Honour, who has been weak enough, to shew that it was not impossible for him to deserve her Favour?

Sir Char. Think of him, *Madam*! — That he is a most vain, empty, ungrateful Coxcomb, unworthy of a Lady's Love, or a Man's Friendship: — He must be a Coward of the meanest Sort, who Injures those who have not Power to defend themselves, and to whom he is so much oblig'd.

Hear. Have a Care, *Sir Charles*, or you may pass a Strange kind of Sentence upon yourself: — For you are principally concern'd in the Question.

Hear. I *Madam*!

Har. Yes, you, *Sir*. — Pray what was you saying this Morning to one *Mr Belville*, about a certain Lady in a Mask, when a Servant came in, and put a Stop to the Narration? Oh, fie, *Sir*; was that like *Sir Charles Freelove*? What, boast of a Lady's Favour before you were assured of it!

Sir Cha. I apprehend you now, *Madam*; — tho' you don't seem to observe, that I cou'd make no Discoveries to the Prejudice of a Lady, I did not know; — *Mr Belville* and you are intimate I presume, from your sending your Servant to him, and this Intelligence.

Har. From whence you infer, I suppose, that I am *Mr Belville's* Mistress; but indeed, *Sir*, you are quite mistaken.

Sir

Sir Cha. You won't be offended, I hope, if I ask, how you come to know what pass'd between Mr *Belville* and me at his House. — [*Aside*] Sdeath! I have some strange Doubts about me.

Har. That's but reasonable, Sir: — Mr *Belville's* Mistress is my intimate Friend, I had this Account from her, to whom Mr *Belville* told it this Morning by Way of Entretien: — but, Sir *Charles*, shall I be obliged to you, for never saying any Thing more of me to Mr *Belville*? describing my Person or Place of Abode, may be of very unhappy Consequence to me.

Sir Cha. You may depend upon that, Madam, since 'tis your Command. — [*aside*] This augments my Suspicion; I am perfectly charm'd with her, but wou'd fain know —

Enter PLAITWELL.

Pla. Madam.

Har. What's the Matter, *Plaitwell*?

Pla. My Master is coming up thro' the Gallery.

Har. This is unlucky. [*aside to Plaitwell*] He can't go the same Way he came in; — and I must not let him know there's another Door.

Sir Cha. What am I to do, Madam?

Har. You must hide yourself in that Chamber.

Sir Cha. [*aside*] So; I find however, I shall have some Business upon my Hands; this Intrigue begins to thicken upon me.

Har. In quickly, Sir, lest he sees you.

Sir Cha. Yes, yes, Madam, you entirely dispose of me. [*Exit thro' a Door in the Chamber Scene*]

Enter L. BETTY.

L. Bet. This I apprehended, Lady *Harriot*, I am in the utmost Confusion.

Har. Who cou'd foresee your Father's Return so suddenly.

Enter Ld. MANLY.

Ld. Man. *Plaitwell*, how come the back Door to be left open?

Bet. My Friend *Harriot* coming to see me, enter'd that

that Way, being nearest her House ; and so thro' Carelessness, I suppose, it was left open : *Plaitwell* let it be shut.

Ld. Man. Pardon me, Madam, I did not see you before.

L. Bet. [*aside to Plaitwell*] How will this Affair end!

Pla. Never fear, Madam ; we'll get him off.

Har. Hearing, my Lord, that poor Lady *Betty* was out of Order, I came to see if my Company wou'd not divert her a little.

L. Man. She's very much oblig'd to you, and I too, Madam : — You were always extreamly Good.

Har. I shou'd have been very glad to have made my Visit longer, Lady *Betty*, but that I have staid to the utmost of my Time now, I hope to find you better at our next meeting.

L. Bet. [*Aside.*] You may well wish that, who are the Occasion of my Disorder.

Har. [*Aside.*] I can do no more, than leave the Passage open.

L. Man. Give me leave to wait on you, Madam.

Har. I thank your Lordship, I won't give you the Trouble.

L. Bet. [*Aside.*] Let him go with you, that I may get your Spark out of the way.

L. Man. I must wait on you, Madam.

Har. Well, my Lord, since you will take that Trouble upon you. [*Gives her Hand. Exeunt L. Man. and Har.*]

L. Bet. O, *Plaitwell* ! I am very uneasy at this Gentleman's being conceal'd here ; — Shou'd he find out that Lady *Harriot* does not live in the House, his Behaviour might give us no common Difficulties.

Plait. That's easily remedied— if your Ladyship will retire, I'll get him out of the way immediately, without giving him time to make any Discoveries.

L. Bet. Hold— I think I hear the Door open, somebody is coming in.

Plait. What, more Vexations!

Enter

Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. I have waited an Age within this Hour for Darkness and you ; — And whilst I impatiently expected the Signal of your being alone, I saw your Father lead my Sister out, and so ventur'd to come in.

L. Bet. But he'll be back again this Minute.

Bel. Then I must take my Post again.

L. Bet. Do, dear Mr *Belville*, we must not stay to talk now.

Bel. I'll put you out of Pain, and get into the Street directly.

Plait. Lord ! Madam, what's to be done, I have not got the Key of the Back-door ?

L. Man. [*Wubbin.*] Lights here, Lights.

[*Exit PLAITWELL.*]

L. Bet. My Father's just upon us.

Bel. Since I can't go out at the Back-door, I'll hide my self in this Room, Madam.

[*Pushes the Door half open*]

L. Bet. Hold, stop, Mr *Belville*, you must not go in there.

Bel. Why not, Madam ? — [*Aside.*] Egad I saw a Man there, I'm certain.

L. Bet. My Father writes there every Evening.

Bel. You have a Spark there you mean ; I had a Glimpse of him, when I push'd against the Door.

L. Bet. A spark, did you say, Mr. *Belville* ? — You have strange Thoughts of me, Sir !

Bel. Yes, Madam, I think I have Reason. — And I must see this happy Man before I stir.

L. Bet. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, don't make me mad—my Father is coming in.

Enter L. MANLEY.

L. Man. [*Aside.*] Mr. *Belville* here ! — What's his Business ?

L. Bet. Mr. *Belville*, have a Care, behave like a Man of Honour.

Bel. Madam, you shall suffer nothing upon my Account, whatever I do upon yours : — My Lord, your most obedient, I was inform'd my Sister was here, I came to fetch her home.

L. Man.

40 *A TUTOR for the BEAUS:*

L. Man. I am just return'd from waiting on her thither.

L. Bet. I was telling him so, my Lord.

L. Man. She expected you at home, Sir.

Bel. [*Aside.*] I don't know what to do — Stay I cannot; — and if I go, I leave a Rival behind me. — It would be monstrous to make a Disturbance in the House; — and if I watch for him in the Streets, how can I be sure at which Door he will come out; If my Friend, Sir Charles, had been here, we might have watch'd both Doors: — But I have another Stratagem. Madam, your most obedient; — My Lord, good Night to you.

L. Man. Your most humble Servant, Sir.

Bel. [*Aside.*] Now, by Heaven! I'll try whether Fortune assists the brave, or no, — For I must know the bottom of this Affair.

[*Exit quick, and L. Manly after him to the Door.*]

L. Man. Light Mr Belville there: — Daughter come hither, I have somethink to tell you.

L. Bet. I am in such Confusion, I know not what to do.

[*Exeunt L. Manly and L. Betty.*]

[*Enter Plaitwell with a Light, and goes where Sir Charles is hid.*]

Plait. Mr. Belville run down Stairs so fast, that I cou'd not over-take him: — I fancy he is not gone far, he'll be here again immediately, but before he can return, I'll convey this Gentleman out at the Back-door: — Sir, Sir, we have been in great Difficulties upon your Account.

[*Re-enter Sir Charles.*]

Sir Char. I am sorry for that Child; — I wish it had been otherwise; tho' I know nothing that has pass'd; I hope your Lady has met with no bad Accident.

Plait. No, Sir; — All's very well when you are gone.

Sir Char. As fast as you please, my Dear. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Re-enter BELVILLE.*)

Bel. I hid my self in a Room at the Bottom of the

the Stairs, that I might have an Opportunity to find out this Rival; — I'll make as if I were one of the Family. (*Goes where Sir Charles was shut in*). Sir, you may open the Door, and follow me now — What, no Answer——then I'll make bold to go in,
(*He goes in, and pulls the Door after him.*)

Enter L. BETTY.

L. Bet. My Father's Business with me, was only to tell me he goes To-morrow to *Richmond*——So now I'll get rid of this Gentleman——*Plaitwell*, *Plaitwell*, where are you? She's out of hearing, What shall I do? *Belville* is waiting about the House, and the other here——I must e'en get him out my self, at all Events——hif, hif, Sir; don't be surpriz'd to see me.

Re-enter BELVILLE.

Bel. Not in the least surpriz'd, I expected you.

L. Bet. Ha! — What do I see!

Bel. What do you see, what do you see, Madam, — only a Fool of your making, that's all.

L. Bet. This is strange!

Bel. Yes truly, mighty strange! Ungrateful Woman! — 'Twas but this Morning——well (*Sighing*.)

L. Bet. What can this mean?

Bel. O, nothing, Madam, nothing at all — A small Discovery neither intended by your Ladyship, nor me: — When People are convinc'd, Jealousy subsists no longer — I am mighty easy, Madam, mighty easy.

L. Bet. Dear Mr. *Belville*! Can you entertain such cruel Ideas of one, whose greatest Fault you know, is loving you too well.

Bel. Loving me, Madam; yes, you have given me Demonstration of it, I thank you; I can't be mistaken in the Force of your Passion: — The Gentleman hid in that Room, has fully explain'd, how much I am oblig'd to you on that Account, and so, Madam, I have the Honour to take my eternal Leave,

(*going*)

L. Bet.

G

L. Bet. Hold, before you go, you shall hear me, only to let you know how much you are mistaken.

Bel. Can there be any Mistake in this?

L. Bet. Yes there is a Mistake in it.

Bel. A Mistake, in what I saw!

L. Bet. What did you see?

Bel. A Man in that Apartment.

L. Bet. Perhaps, one of the Servants.

Enter PLAITWELL, overjoy'd.

Plait. I have got him safe, and undiscover'd, into the Street. *(Sees Belville and starts.)*

Bel. Have you so—This was one of your Servants too, I suppose.

Plait. What shall I do? — I can't speak, I'm so surpriz'd.

L. Bet. So — How one Error follows another; — and yet I am innocent, and you wrong me, Mr *Belville*.

Bel. Excessively, Madam; — I don't at all doubt it; — nothing can be so plain, as the Wrongs I do your Ladyship.

L. Bet. I have so much Tendernefs for you, unkind Mr *Belville*, that I dare not explain this Mystery to you; it might be of bad Consequence for you to know it.

Bel. When People don't know what to say for themselves, Flattery is the natural Recourse, tho' not always successful. *(going)*

L. Bet. Stay. *(holding him)*

Bel. Let me go.

L. Bet. You shall not go in this Humour:

Bel. If you endeavour to prevent me — I shall wake your Father, and alarm the House, and then the whole World will be entertain'd at your Ladyship's Expence.

L. Bet. Pray, stay Mr *Belville*.

Bel. You'll make me throw of all Regard for your Sex; — your Endeavour to deceive me adds to my
Resentment

Resentment — The injur'd have no Ceremony.

(*breaks Way*) [Exit.]

L. *Bet.* Stop him, *Plaitwell*.

Plait. That's not in my Power, Madam.

L. *Bet.* I'll follow him directly : — What Trouble has Lady *Harriot* brought upon me. [Exit.]

S C E N E *changes.*

Enter Lord Modely, Lady Worthy and Finesse.

Fin. Well, Sir, have you improv'd our Friend, Mr. *Blunt*.

L. *Mod.* Improve him! — You might as well teach my Coach-horses Music; — He is the most stupid Animal.

L. *Wor.* Methinks, Sir, you might describe the Man, who, is to be my Husband, in better Terms.

L. *Mod.* He your Husband, Madam! — Had I imagin'd that he entertain'd such a Notion, his Ears should have paid for the Presumption; but you can't be serious: — What, that Figure! — That Wretch!

L. *Wor.* 'Tis so, Sir—my Father comes on Purpose to conclude the Match.

L. *Mod.* Is it possible! — But as to your Consent, you can't come into it, can you?

L. *Wor.* I wou'd not have consented, perhaps, had you behav'd your self with Prudence and Reason, but your unparalell'd Indiscretion, and insipid Airs.—

Fin. O, Madam, don't quarrel, we have no Time to lose in Debates; — Our Business now, is to come to a right Understanding, and to contrive Means to exclude Mr *Blunt*: — So, Madam, begin, by forgetting what's past.

L. *Wor.* Well, I agree to do so this once, for the last Time; and upon Condition, that my Lord *Modely* behaves with more Discretion, and Reserve for the future; — I expect my Father every Minute; so, Sir, let me advise you to moderate your *French* Vivacity in his Presence: — But above all, no Airs,
nor

nor any superfluous Ceremony, he hates trifling, and can distinguish a fine Person, without any Pains being taken to display it.

L. Mod. (*affectedly*) I protest, I assure you, Madam, that from henceforth, I'll be the most plain, the most simple of all grave, sober, serious Mortals.

L. Wor. I perceive so, Sir, — in telling me that you'll be the most plain, the most simple of all Men, you are the very reverse.

Fin. Why, Madam, wou'd you have my Lord Modely, at his Years, as sedate as Cato.

L. Mod. No, — she'd have me resemble Jack Blunt, her future Spouse, ha, ha, ha.

L. Wor. No, Sir, — but I'd have you act like a Man of Sense; and because I believe it wou'd not be easy to persuade you to copy after any Man, let me prevail upon you, to examine impartially your Conduct and Behaviour, and correct yourself accordingly.

L. Mod. Correct myself, Madam, — ha, ha, ha, you'll pardon me, Madam, I think myself a proper Pattern for others to copy by, and humbly apprehend that I am an Original.

L. Wor. That's plain, Sir; — but always remember, that I only pardon you upon Condition, that you change this airy Extravagance of your Behaviour, and other Conduct: and above all, no more Suppers at the *King's Arms* — adieu, Sir; *Finisse* and I must go to receive my Father. [*Exeunt.*]

L. Mod. Ha! the *King's Arms*! — Who the Devil has informed her of our Rendezvous; — I have agreed to sup there again to Night; — but here's young Manly, my Counterpart in Miniature; — I'll try and put it off.

Enter Young MANLY.

Y. Man. O, *moncher Amis*! I'm very sorry I can't wait on you to Night at Supper, but my Father being in Town, I must beg you to defer the Party 'till another Time.

L. Mod.

L. Mod. My dear Sir, I am overjoy'd at this Disappointment; for it wou'd have been impossible for me to have been with you.

Y. Man. For my Part, I'm in Despair: — I reckon every Moment lost, when not in your Company; — For your Conversations are so many Lessons of Life to me; and the oftner I see you, the more I distinguish your Superiority to our awkward Nation.

L. Mod. [*Aside*] This young Man is really very polite for one entirely bred in *England*.

Y. Man. Tell me, my dear Lord, what it is you do to be so amiable, there is, I know not what Charm in it, that we want; a Something inexpressibly taking, which I can't describe, but only admire.

L. Mod. And which you will easily attain: — Your Conversation and Behaviour, distinguish you already from the rest of your Countrymen; — You have a Notion of Life, an Elegance of Taste, a very much the Air of a *Frenchman*.

Y. Man. I, the Air of a *Frenchman*! — O my dear Lord, nothing in the Universe could indulge my Ambition so much, as to be thought to have the Air of a *Frenchman*: — You can tell me nothing I am so proud of.

L. Mod. You have really a very good Taste, Sir: — And you'll carry it a great Way: — You have a fine Person; you have a Mein; it would be a Shame for you to bury such a Talent; — You must shew your self, you must shew your Merit: — Nature begins, but Art must compleat a fine Gentleman.

Y. Man. But pray, Sir, in what does that Art consist?

L. Mod. In improving little Incidents, that seem to escape us without Design; — In Trifles, that constitute the Grace and Spirit of what we do — A Nod of the Head, a Shrug with the Soldiers, the Motion of the Hands, a Smile, a Glance of the Eye, a smart Repartee, a Variation of the Voice,
the

the manner of Eating, Drinking, of carrying one's Hat; folding a *Billet-doux*, and so forth — for Instance, suffer me to tell you, you wear your Hat like a Spruce Citizen, when we wear it at the Court of *France*, it is in this manner; ay, thus—

Y. Man. I love Airs, refin'd Manners, and Punctilio's of Breeding.

L. Mod. Gently, Sir; — if you please, we must not confound 'em with each other; — Airs are distinguish'd from Manners, and Manners from Punctilio's as you call them— that is Ceremony in Behaviour: — A Man of Mode, for Example, one that knows Life, has good Manners, (observe this, for it is the Quintessence of the Knowledge of Life) such a Man uses his good Manners, to express a Regard, and Consideration for those he converses with: — He is cautious of doing, or saying any Thing, that is not entirely Complaisant and Obliging; he listens with Attention to one's Story, and answers another with Respect. — He applauds one with an obliging Smile, and rallies another with polite Familiarity; — says a soft Thing to the Mother, and Ogles the Daughter with an Air of Tenderness and Passion: — If he does you a Favour, his manner of doing it is an hundred Times a greater Obligation, than the Favour it self: — Suppose he knew you wanted a Sum of Money, why he slides it into your Pocket, whilst he looks over your Shoulder, and talks to you upon your Cards at Quadrille. — This is one of the highest Instances of Politeness, and good Manners; — but unfortunately not very much in Practice: — In case he refuses you, (which is the most common) he softens the Disappointment with such Professions of Respect and Esteem, that even his Refusal obliges you — Were you to make a Visit to his Wife, he steals away unobserv'd, and leaves you together at your own Discretion; — and this is what we call knowing the World, and having good Manners.

Y. Man.

Y. Man. And with such, one would chuse to live: — but now my dear Lord, the Punctilio, the Ceremony.

L. Mod. A Country 'Squire makes a great deal of Ceremony, thro' a mistaken Complacency, and Ignorance of the Manners of the Court and Town; he's an eternal Complimentor, and worries you with his rude Respect: he'll break your Bones to convince you of his Esteem, and to express his Kindness for you — will Box with you to make you take the Wall of him, and will throw you all along to make you enter a Room first; this is Brutality, not Politsness: — Therefore, take my Advice, use as little Ceremony as possible, 'tis damn'd stupid, and ungenteel;

Enter a Servant and Whispers Lord Modely.

I'll come, [*Exit Servant.*] Sir, I must ask your Pardon, but there is a certain *Fille de Joie*, that I invited last Night to the Play, to come hither this Afternoon, — the Creature would be excessively handsome, but that she's like the rest of her Country Women, as inanimate as the Mistress of Pigmalion before her Transformation, I shall dispatch her in a quarter of an Hour, when you may be assur'd of seeing me again, adieu.

(Exit singing.)

Y. Man. My dear Lord, I shall expect you with Impatience. — Well, certainly of all Creatures in the World, he is the most Amiable. — 'Oh! that I had been bred in *France*, for here

Our Manners, and our Clime alike are Dull,
And the best Genius, but a graver Fool.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T.

A C T. IV.

S C E N E. *A Chamber.**Enter Lord MODELY, and Young MANLY.*Y. *Manly.*

How glad am I to see your Lordship return; — I have been practising in Thought, your admirable Lessons upon good Breeding and Ceremony; and desire nothing so passionately, as your Thoughts upon the Airs, fine Airs, such as embellish Life, and exalt a Man's Figure.

L. *Mod.* You hit it, Sir— and I'll go on with my Philosophy, which may be call'd the Science of the World.

Enter Lord MANLY above.

L. *Man.* I have sought my Son every where, and cou'd not find him 'till now— I suppose this is my Lord *Modely*, I'll listen to their Conversation.

L. *Mod.* A Man of Fashion gives himself Airs, in pure Deference to himself, to teach others the Value he sets upon his own Person: — to insinuate, that he is conscious of his Merit, and expects to be treated with Attention and Regard: — If he walks in the Park, his Air is Lofty and Negligent; as who shou'd say, make way, Sirs— observe my Motion, admire my Air, am not I perfectly well made? — And for you Ladies, you little Jilfirts, that Eye me all over, smiling behind your Fans; I know what you wish, I know what you'd be at, you Gypsies: — If an Acquaintance passes, he affects the Man of Quality, gives him a Nod, and seems to say, oh, yours, yours, Sir, — I remember you, I'll do for you— if he makes a Visit, he throws himself into an easy Chair; lolls, yawns, stretches himself indolently, hums an Opera Tune, plays with his Salitaire, makes

makes Love to himself at the Glass, and seems to say, rot me! I'm a very amiable Rascal— her Ladyship can't fail of strange Emotions — Ay, this Face will do it— with a Cit's Wife, or Daughter, his Language is, O! you dear Rogue, how pretty you are; why you're a little Angel; — come hither, Child, and sit down by me; — kiss me; — off with your Glove for shame, that I may see your Arm and kiss it immoderately:— What! do you turn away, do you leave me, do yo blush? — O, fye Child, you don't know Life, — am I to be reject-ed? — Courting is entirely laid aside, and Modesty the most unfashionable Virtue in the World, — no body ever sees it at Court.

Y. Man. I shall improve from this Instruction.

L. Mod. All I have told you, tho' it may appear Ridiculous to some People, yet it is necessary: — One ought to set one's self up at full Value, to make the Public sensible of it, and to have the Courage to profess Wit, Valour, Birth, and Figure. — The World esteems People according to the Rate they set upon themselves, and of all the bad Qualities a Man can have, believe me, Modesty is the Worst, — It stifles real Merit, and buries a Man a-live in Obscurity; 'tis Impudence, *morbleu!* 'tis Assurance, that produces a Man to the World, and makes him shine in his best Light.

Y. Man. Well, since I know what Airs are, I'll put them in Practice, I'll give my self Airs immoderately.

L. Man. My Son's in a fine Disposition, and this is a very useful Conversation!

Y. Man. As we are upon this Chapter, I beg you'll tell me the Qualities essentially necessary in a Man of Fashion, and a fine Gentleman.

L. Mod. In the first Place, a Man must be born with a great Share of Confidence, and self Opinion: — A happy Inclination to Raillery, and Slander: —

H

With

With a predominant Taste for Pleasure and Debauchery: — And an extream Love for change and Coquetry.

Y. Man. Thanks to my kind Stars! I have a competent Share of those Qualifications.

L. Mod. But above all, the Graces of Nature are absolutely necessary, without which, all other Qualities are ineffectual: — In whatever you do, there must be Taste, Gaiety, Raillery, Sprightliness, sooner shock Decency, or good Manners, than not be Agreeable: To be Agreeable is every Thing; it makes all pass; — and were I to chuse, I had rather commit a graceful Impertinence, than act a dry Formality with Flatness: — let there be Salt, Spirit, Vivacity, something Arch and Bright in your Discourse; no matter for Sense, so you shew your Wit — the one cannot Shine but at the Expence of the other.

L. Man. Is it possible there shou'd be such Impertinence!

Y. Man. You seem, my Lord, to forget two important Qualities.

L. Mod. Which are they?

Y. Man. The Gift of Lying with Ease, and Swearing Emphatically.

L. Mod. You are in the Right of it; — there's nothing adorns Conversation more, than a Lye told *à propos*, or an Oath well plac'd.

Y. Man. That's what I'm sufficiently Master of; — but above all, Swearing sink me! — split me, stab my Vitals! — and in *French* I pronounce perfectly well, *Ventre bleu! le diable M'enleve! la Peste M'etouffe!*

L. Man. Oh! the absurd Fool!

L. Mod. Fye, Sir, O fye! these are vulgar Oaths; you must learn Brighter, and of a fresher Date: — At our next meeting, I'll make you a Present of a Collection of Imprecations, originally invented by a Captain

Captain of Dragoons, revis'd by a Sea-Officer, and improv'd, and augmented by a *Gascon* Abbot, and an *Irish* Priest, who had lost all their Money at Hazard: — It is a good Piece, and will instruct you.

L. Man. [*Comes forward*] I can have Patience no longer, this is beyond any Thing.

Y. Man. Ha! — my Father here! — I did not think him so near.

L. Man. I am to thank you, Sir, for the wise and solid Instructions you give my Son. [*To young Manly*] As for you, Sir, I'm exceedingly pleas'd to find how you employ your Time.

Y. Man. [*Discountenanc'd*] My Lord has — the Goodness — to — to form my Taste.

L. Mod. Yes, yes, Sir, I teach him Things, which might be of singular Improvement to your self, if you would make Use of 'em.

L. Man. [*to young Manly*] Go, Sir, withdraw — you shall have other Lessons by and by.

[*Exit young Manly*]

L. Mod. O, *Parbleu!* — I defy you to teach him during your whole Life, so much Wit as I have taught him in a Quarter of an Hour.

L. Man. Before I answer you, I beg you'll tell me, what you call Wit, and wherein you make it consist?

L. Mod. Wit as to the Mind, is as Manners are to the Body; — the Grace! the Elegance of it! — I make it consist in saying fine Things upon any, or no Occasion; in giving a bright Turn to the least Trifle, and an Air of Novelty to the most common Circumstance.

L. Man. If that's what you call Wit, we have very little of it here, nor do we pique our selves upon any of that Kind; — But if by Wit, you understand good Sense —

L. Mod.

L. Mod. No, Sir — I'm not so dull, to confound Wit with good Sense — solid Sense is no more, than that common Sense, we meet with in the Streets, peculiar to no Nation, the Attribute of all: — But Wit is the Growth of *France* only; *France* may be said to be it's Soil, we furnish it to all the rest of *Europe*: — Wit only plays with it's Object whilst agreeable, and flies away to something new; — it renders a Man amiable, lively, sprightly, gay, amusing, the Delight of Conversation; — A fine Speaker, an agreeable Raillier; — in a Word, a *Frenchman*: — On the contrary, Sense plods on Solemnly in dry Reflection: — Is dull, tedious, and methodical, by way of being profound, and has an admirable Effect upon People that want Sleep; — It makes a Man heavy, pedantic, melancholly, reserv'd, the Bane of all Company, a Moralizer, thoughtful, morose, and, in a Word, an —

L. Manly. An *Englishman*, is it not?

L. Mod. I would not have said so, out of good Manners, but really, Sir, you are very near my Meaning.

L. Man. That is to say, according to your Way of thinking, that an *Englishman* is a Man of solid Sense, without Wit.

L. Mod. Good.

L. Man. And that a *Frenchman* is a Man of Wit, without Sense.

L. Mod. Exactly.

L. Man. The whole *French* Nation are highly oblig'd to you for this Distinction, Sir: — But since you renounce good Sense, do you know, Sir, that I can justly deny you Wit.

L. Mod. O Sir, you wou'd banter me, I suppose; — Can you deny me what I possess, and you want?

L. Man. I can prove, Sir, that Wit can't exist without Sense.

L. Mod.

L. Mod. Exist! exist! — that Word smells furiously of a College.

L. Man. Tho' I'm a Man of Quality, I'm not ashamed to speak in the Style of my Education: — I hold that Wit, is only Sense adorn'd — and therefore —

L. Mod. O, Sir, spare me; you're going into an Argument, you're entering into a Disputation.

L. Man. I'll do more, I'll demonstrate to you —

L. Mod. I never hear Demonstrations, Sir; nor can any Body so much as persuade me —

L. Man. Be as obstinate as you will, I'll convince you by the Force of reasoning —

L. Mod. That Diamond seems fine, and extremely well set.

L. Man. A Man of Wit, Sir, in my Notion of him, wou'd not have his Attention taken off by a Trifle, when a serious Question is to be consider'd.

L. Mod. Don't you see, Sir, it is only a little Address to put an End to a Dissertation that gives me Pain.

L. Man. I am surpriz'd, that Reason shou'd give you Pain, and that nothing but trifling, and —

L. Mod. Sings —

Sans l'amour & sans ses charmes,

Tout languit dans l'Univers, &c.

L. Mod. For a young Man who makes Politeness his sole Study and Profession, this is very strange Behaviour: — I am well employ'd indeed, in talking Reason to a Coxcomb. —

L. Mod. Hold there, Sir: — When I'm attacked by a *trait d'Esprit*, a turn of Wit, or a Jest, I endeavour to return it with another; but when it comes to Insult, and a Person presumes to give gross Language, this is my Answer (Draws).

Enter

Enter HEARTLY.

Hear. (Seizing the Sword) Hold, my Lord; a drawn Sword requires the highest Resentment.

L. Mod. How! — *Morbleu!* shall a Man tire me with his Discourse, and I not be suffer'd to let him know it: — Shall I afterwards be insulted, and not be revenged. — No, Sir, I'll have Satisfaction:

L. Man. Such an Enemy, is rather the Object of Contempt than Anger.

Hear. You are not in *France*, my Lord; — You ought to remember, that all Nations differ in their Manners, and that, what is polite in the Court of *France*, may be ridiculous and absurd in *England*: — A *Frenchman* is complexionably light and fantastical, an *Englishman* grave and solid: The fashionable Levity of their Manners, had it's Rise in the Unhappiness of their Country; When Virtue was a Crime, and Wisdom dangerous to Power: — When the Great disguised themselves in the Garb of Folly, and Foppery was a Recommendation to Favour; — had you read the History of *France* with Attention, you wou'd not have been so much in Love with false Refinement, Mode and Figure; you would have had another Notion of Luxury and Voluptuousness.

L. Mod. You talk in the Style of a Remonstrance from the Parliament of *Paris*, — ha, ha, ha. — Heartly I know you; you sage People are sad Creatures: — But as for Solomon the Wise there, I may talk with him another time, when you're not in the way to hinder us. [Exit.]

Hear. I am glad, Sir, my coming to make a Visit in this House, prevented this young Man's Rashness from having bad Effects, he has seen but little of the World, and vainly imagines, the *French* Manners to which he's bigotted, ought to be the Rule of all Nations.

L. Man.

L. Man. Sir, I thank you for your Civility, and should be glad to be better known to a Person of your Address.

Hear. Sir, you do me a great deal of Honour :

L. Man. I hope to have some other Opportunity of convincing you, how much I desire your Friendship — At present some Affairs of Consequence oblige me to take my Leave. *(Exit.)*

Enter FINESSE.

Fin. Sir, do you know with whom you have been talking?

Hear. With a very fine Gentleman, that's all that I know of him.

Fin. 'Twas to my Lady's Father.

Hear. How! — Lady Worthy's Father! 'twas a happy Adventure for me.

Fin. Tho' not so happy for my Lord *Modely* — for he has just told my Lady and me, that he quarrel'd with her Father, and then left us abruptly, without hearing what we had to say: This happens at a Time, when my Lady had just remov'd her Father's bad Impressions of him; and he was inclinable to receive him for his Son-in-law.

Enter Lady WORTHY.

Hear. Well, Madam, are you determin'd?

L. Wor. Yes, Sir, — to obey my Father's Commands in every thing: So, Sir, if you persist in your Sentiments for me, you must make your Addresses to him.

Hear. Madam, I fly to him. *[Exit.]*

Fin. What does your Ladyship intend;

L. Wor. What I ought — after the Affronts I have receiv'd from my Lord *Modely*, if I shou'd pardon him, I shou'd be an Enemy to my self, and unworthy of my Father's Tendernefs: — This last Behaviour has open'd my Eyes, and fills me with all the Disdain, I ought to have for a Person of his Character: — If ever he marries, of all human Wretches,

Wretches, I should pity his Wife, if she happens to love him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Here's a Servant of Lord Manly's to wait upon your Ladyship.

L. Wor. Shew him in. [*Exit. Servant.*]

Enter Lord Manly's Servant

Well, *Dick*, what's the Matter?

Serv. Lord Manly desires to speak with your Ladyship instantly.

L. Wor. My Duty to his Lordship, and let him know that I'll wait on him. (*Exit Servant.*) — So, I suppose my Father wants to inform me of my Lord's rude Behaviour. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E. *A Chamber in Mr. Belville's House.*

Enter Sir Charles and Tom.

Tom. Pray, Sir, whence came you so late in such an Humour?

Sir Char. I know not from whence I came, nor what's the Matter with me — Pr'ythee ask me no more impertinent Questions.

Tom. Since you have gone abroad without me, nothing has succeeded; — I am sure something has happened to ruffle him, he did not use to be so peevish, and fretful for nothing.

Sir Char. Don't plague me with your Nonsense, but pack up my Baggage, for I'll be gone Tomorrow: — See if Mr *Belville* is at home, I want to speak with him.

Tom. He's not come in yet, Sir.

Sir Char. *Belville* is making Peace with his Mistress, and receiving new Instances of her Favour: — He's a happy Man, for she's irresistibly charming, that's certain.

Tom. Pray, Sir, how came you to know her? — I smell a Rat.

Sir Char.

Sir Char. Why, Sir; if you can lay aside your usual Impertinence, and not give me your Advice, 'till I ask it, I'll tell you.

Tom. Sir, I'm corrected — tho' it had been better for him if he had taken my Council a little more than he has, for all that [Aside]

Sir Char. I have seen the mask'd Lady I met in the Park, and after what she said to me, I am convinc'd, she must be *Belville's* Mistress; — and therefore, I'm resolv'd, unknown to him, to make this Passion of mine, a generous Sacrifice to our Friendship before it grows to strong for me: — He has a prior Right to the Lady, nor will I injure my Friend in such tender Points, as his Love, Honour, and Happiness — for to tell you the Truth, *Tom*, I shou'd run mad my self, with losing such a Mistress: — A perfect Grace! — and Faith, it is with no small Violence to my self, I am so very honest to him — so pack up as fast as you can, that my Virtue may not be tempted any farther, for there's no Safety here.

Tom. Now must not I say a Word, tho' I cou'd tell him a much better Method of managing this Affair.

Sir Char. Pr'ythee leave fooling, and make haste [Exit Tom] People never do generous Actions without Satisfaction to themselves: — *Belville*, will be highly oblig'd to me, without knowing it, and I shalt spare my self the Anxiety, and Trouble of an embroil'd Intrigue; — as to the Lady, [musing] I must endeavour to forget her as fast as I can.

Enter TOM.

Tom. Sir, I have order'd your Linnen to be brought hither directly, for I suppose your Honour will set out by Moonlight.

Enter HARRIOT and PINUP.

Pin. Have a Care what you do, Madam?

Har

Har. Say no more — did not you tell me, his Servant had inform'd you, he was preparing to go away To-morrow morning.

Pin. Yes, Madam.

Har. Then, *Pinup*, don't be surpriz'd;—Love is my Motive, Love my Apology:— What can Lady *Betty* have told him, more than who I am; and sure that can be no Reason for his flying me.

Pin. What do you intend to do?

Har. I'll speak plainly to him, and try his Sentiments of me:— My Brother's abroad, and will not return suddenly — however, do you stand Centry and give me Notice if he shou'd come.

Sir Char. Very well — go see if Mr *Belville* is at home? [Exit *Pinup*.]

Tom. Sir, here's a Lady.

Sir Char. A Lady, say'st thou!

Har. What, the courtly *Sir Charles Freelove* going away, without taking leave of the Lady, for whom he profess'd so many fine Things to Day, and after he had Reason to believe, she was not much displeas'd with 'em:— How do you reconcile that, Sir?

Sir Char. I can't imagine, Madam, how you came to know I had such a Design.

Har. If I interest my self in your Affairs so much, I have some Excuse — for I believ'd you sincere, when you assur'd me I was not disagreeable to you.

Tom. [*Aside*] She must deal with the Devil, that's certain.

Har. Are you resolv'd to go, Sir?

Sir Char. I thought so half an Hour ago, Madam — [*aside*] now I have seen her, and heard her speak so tenderly, I have no Power to resolve to leave her, nor Words to answer her.

Har. I believ'd my self so happy this Morning in your Partiality for me, that your Absence cannot

not fail of affecting me very much: — Will you forgive me asking the Cause of so sudden a Journey?

Sir Char. [*Aside*] Now cannot I for the Soul of me tell her, it is herself.

Har. [*Aside*] I durst not tell him who I am, nor ask him, whether knowing me be the Occasion of his Journey — he might perhaps, like me well enough for his Gallantry, but not for a Wife.

Tom. Sir, Sir, I see Mr *Belville* coming.

Har. O! What shall I do! — I durst not see him of all Mankind.

Sir Char. You may depend upon my Protection, Madam — [*aside*] ay, it is as I thought that's plain, [*Sighing.*]

Har. I would not have him find me here for the World: — I presume you know me to be — I cannot utter it, let me hide my self, I beg you. [*Exit.*]

Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. Dear Sir *Charles*, your Servant; I am in great Affliction, and come to ask your Advice.

Sir Char. I'm very sorry for that; — I thought you were to have seen your Mistress this Evening, and in Consequence, been very happy — *Tom* be gone. [*Exit Tom.*]

Bel. No Words can express the Disquiet I am in at present, from a too-well grounded Jealousy of her.

Sir Char. Ay, Sir; are you sure of that? — [*aside*] he has follow'd her hither, and I shall be hard put to it, to get her off.

Bel. When I came to her House, to acquit my self entirely from her Suspicions, and re-instate my self in her Favour; — I saw the Glimpse of a Man in an adjoining Room.

Sir Char. [*Aside*] This is what happen'd to me to Night, I saw a Man pass by where I was hid.

Bel. Her Father that Minute came in; — scorn-
ing to be reveng'd upon her, I suppress'd my Re-
sentment,

sentment, and hid my self, with Intent to return, and find out who he was, for the sake of being certain.

Sir Char. And did you discover him?

Bel. No — I suppose her Maid convey'd him off — for when I return'd, he was not to be found: — You may judge what I suffer, as you know how much I love this charming Deceiver.

Sir Char. [*Aside*] Now I'm confirm'd that she is the Lady; — and I the Person that was conceal'd; — but he is ignorant of both, I hope.

Bel. You don't answer me.

Sir Char. You have surpriz'd me with this Adventure, more than you imagine.

Bel. What's to be done?

Sir Char. To forget her as fast as you can, I think, is certainly the best Remedy.

Bel. O, *Sir Charles*, that's impossible.

Enter TOM.

Tom. Sir, there's a Lady without Desires to speak with you.

Bel. 'Tis she — and I have no Mind to reproach her.

Sir Char. Ay, but be sure 'tis she, however.

Bel. I am satisfy'd 'tis she — and am asham'd to let her see the Disorder I am in — an ungrateful Woman;

Enter Lady BETTY.

Sir Char. I am confounded! — this is another Lady — if this be *Belville's* Mistress, who have I got concealed here? This is the most fortunate Discovery! I am perfectly transported with it.

L. Bet. Sir, I must beg the Favour of you to retire a little; — I want some private Discourse with *Mr Belville*.

Bel. I am surpriz'd your Ladyship shou'd give yourself this needless Trouble, after what has pass'd — you don't come to insult me, I hope, for the Pains you have given me,

L. Bet.

L. Bet. Sir, will you excuse me, and leave us.

Sir Char. Most willingly, Madam, — (*aside*) but I wish you were gone with all my Soul; for I can't rest, 'till I see my dear lovely, *Incog.* again, and know from herself who she is. [*Exit.*]

L. Bet. I don't know whether I should be most angry, or pleas'd with you, Mr *Belville*; — for whilst your Jealousy injures me, as a Proof of your Love, it gives me the highest Satisfaction, I am capable of knowing.

Bel. I don't doubt it, Madam; — when a Lady takes uncommon Pains to extend her Conquests, she must be highly gratify'd with the Proofs of her Success, in the Sufferings of her Admirers.

L. Bet. It is not a Sign so; when after they have vented their indecent Spleen and Indignation against her, for an Error of their own; she condescends to come and justify herself at the Hazard of new Indignities.

Bel. Justify herself, Madam! — Persons so lovely as Lady *Betty* (for that I shall always own you) may presume a little too much sometimes upon the Force of their Charms, and the Flattery of their Condescensions, especially when it is their Misfortune to treat with People that have not entirely lost their Senses.

L. Bet. O, Sir! I understand you; the Man in my Apartment is a Demonstration, I suppose, that you have a Right to entertain these ingenious Conceptions of me, and abundance more of a worse Sort, that you have still Politeness enough to spare me.

Bel. Must I contradict my Senses, Madam? or would you have me tell you, it was a meer Illusion of my Fancy, and that I saw no body hid in your House this Evening, if that be the Motive of your Ladyship's doing me this Honour, I must be so free to tell you, you might have spar'd your self, and me, the Trouble.

L. Bet.

L. Bet. And confessing there was a Man hid in our House this Evening; — does it absolutely follow, that I hid him there, Mr *Belville*?

Bel. He was certainly hid there with your Ladyship's knowledge, I take it: — I presume, Madam, your Sentiments are too delicate and refin'd to condescend to do Business of that kind for any body else.

Har. [*Peeping.*] What shall I do? — before they part, she'll excuse herself and tell him all she knows.

Bel. If you had any real Excuse, I shou'd rejoice to find my self mistaken, and think my self the happiest of Men, in your having so much Justice and Generosity, as to undeceive me: — But whilst you trifle with my Distress, and seem to Triumph in my Anguish, what wou'd you have me think, Madam?

L. Bet. Nay, now you submit, you make me some amends for your Suspicion of me, and the Injury you have done my Love and Honour: — I will tell you, but first you shall promise —

Har. [*Peeping.*] No, you shall not, I must put a stop to that — that's a little too much at my Expence; she's of all Woman kind, the most Jealous, and that will save me, or nothing. [*Harriot mask'd, crosses the Stage, and speaks angrily to Belville, in a feign'd Voice.*] This I suspected before, ungrateful Man! [*Exit*]

Bel. Ha! — what Woman cou'd that be? — I'll follow her.

L. Bet. You affect not to know her, Sir; and wou'd follow her to be reconcil'd, I suppose.

Bel. May every kind of ill Fortune light on me, if I know who she is, or ever saw her to my knowledge.

L. Bet. O Sir! — I can inform you: — 'tis your quondam Lady, *Clarinda*, I am perfectly acquainted with her Air and Mien; one may easily guess her Business.

Bel.

Bel. I was ready to believe you upon your own Word, when this Woman interpos'd, and methinks your Ladyship shou'd have some Regard to my Oath.

L. Bet. Not, Sir, against the Evidence of my Senses, which I can retort upon you, Mr *Belville*, upon more than meer Suspicion.

Bel. You know the Person in your Apartment, and were just going to tell me who he was.

L. Bet. Yes, Sir; — and with design to convince you, how much your mean Suggestion injur'd me: — but you are too base to deserve such a Satisfaction.

Bel. If I have wrong'd you, Madam, you are at least even with me, for by all that's Sacred! —

L. Bet. Don't swear, Sir, — when a Man once forfeits his Honour, his Word, or his Oath, are equally to be believ'd. [Going.]

Bel. Stay, but 'till I prove to you —

L. Bet. That I'm as credulous, and you are false. [Exit.]

Bel. She's gone, — she's innocent, — she loves, is jealous, and mistaken — something I must do directly to undeceive her: — What Fools this Passion makes us! —

False in our Bliss, fantastick in our Pain,
We arrogate the *Rational* in vain;
Each Joy, each Sorrow, to our Pride denies,
What we so much affect, and boast — the *Wise*;
In Love's true Mirror rightly Man is shewn,
That gives a Thousand varied Fools in One.

A C T.

A C T. V.

S C E N E. *A Chamber in BELVILLE's House.**Enter HARRIOT and PINUP.**Pinup.***Y**OU had a great deal of Courage, Madam.*Har.* I don't doubt but my going thro' the Room, and reflecting upon his Inconstancy, as if I had been a Mistress of his, sufficiently alarm'd her Jealousy to make a Quarrel of it, for she did not stay long after me.*Pin.* Very likely.*Har.* Sir Charles was certainly surpriz'd to find me gone, I must see him as soon as possible, and if he behaves as I have reason to expect, I'll put an end to the Mystery, and declare who I am: — his own Honour and Regard for our Family, leave me nothing to apprehend: — however, I'll sound him first once more.*Enter BELVILLE.**Bel.* My dear, your Servant — I'm come to beg Assistance.*Har.* You may command it; — but on what Account?*Bel.* Yesterday, Lady Betty and I had some Difference, and we parted in Anger; — she thought fit, however to come presently after to justify herself, I had scarce began to speak, when a Woman mask'd came out of the Drawing Room in Sir Charles's Apartment, where we were, and mistaking me for him; she said something that prevented Lady Betty from going on, concluding that she was *Clarinda*, and my Mistress.*Har.* Who cou'd it be?*Bel.*

Bel. Sir *Charles* must have brought her, tho' he denies it: — I have ask'd every body else, and they know nothing of the matter: — I shou'd be sorry that Lady *Betty* shou'd be in any Uneasiness upon my Account, tho' I am not fully satisfied in her Behaviour to me, and shou'd be infinitely glad to be acquainted with her real Sentiments.

Har. How can I assist in this?

Bel. Very easily, my Dear; — do you feign a great Quarrel with me, for any Reason your better Wit may invent: Go to Lady *Betty's*, and desire to stay with her; — by that means you may justify me, and be a Spy upon all her Actions: — I would not give you such an Office, my Dear, but that (to confess a Truth to you) I find the Happiness of my Life depends upon it; and am sure you will therefore excuse me.

Har. O, Brother, make no Apology — I'll go directly. [*Exit Bel.*] This gives me the most favourable Opportunity of meeting Sir *Charles* again, that cou'd possibly have happen'd; — but see, who comes here, *Pinup*?

[*Enter Lady BETTY and PLAITWELL.*]

Ha — Lady *Betty*! is it you, my dear, what brings you abroad?

L. Bet. A restless Passion never satisfy'd, and perpetually producing new Anxieties: — Yesterday, it cost me no small Trouble to assist you, to Day you must return the Obligation: — Mr *Belville* had a Glympse of the Gentleman you hid in our House; and made that a Pretence for going away in a Passion.

Har. No sure!

L. Bet. It does not signify to tell you Particulars; I follow'd him home to vindicate my self from his pretended Suspicion; and had not been there long, before a Woman that had conceal'd herself in the Room, came up to him, and reproach'd him with

K

my

my being there; — I'm pretty sure it was his dear Mistress *Clarinda*.

Har. I don't know, indeed, — [*Aside.*] at least I must tell her so.

L. Bet. He was for following her, but I interpos'd — so, with some warm Complaints on both Sides, we parted without any *Eclaircissement*: — Now I am come to stay with you to Night, my Dear; — perhaps, *Clarinda* may return, at least, I shall have the Satisfaction of knowing how *Belville* passes his Time; — my Father is gone to *Richmond*, and stays till to Morrow.

Har. Lady *Betty* always commands this House, and every body in it: — but I have also a Request to make to you.

L. Bet. What's that, my Dear?

Har. My Brother, to the full, as jealous and anxious as your self, has contrived that I should feign a Quarrel with him, as an Excuse for staying at your House, to be a Spy upon you, and to find out your new Lover; — now this will give me an Opportunity of seeing Sir *Charles*, and, perhaps, of putting an end to all Difficulties.

L. Bet. My Heart is a little at ease with what you tell me — Mrs *Pinup* stays with me, *Plaitwell* will go with you.

Har. Adieu, Lady *Betty*, till I return, (*to Pinup.*) Tell my Brother, I am gone to Lady *Betty's*: Sir *Charles* must be found immediately. (*Exeunt Harriot and Plaitwell at one Door, L. Betty and Pinup at another.*)

Enter Sir CHARLES, and TOM following at a Distance.

Sir Char. How she got off, I can't imagine; but it is plain, she was not discover'd, or I shou'd have heard something of it; I am all Impatience till I see her again: — How susceptible is the Heart of this soft Passion, when not pre-engag'd, and when Wit and Beauty conspire to invade it. — *Tom* —

Tom.

Tom. Sir—I thought your Honour had no farther Occasion for my Service.

Sir Char. How so, Fool?

Tom. Why, Sir, one might conceive so:— You go abroad by your self; return by your self;— if a Lady comes, you hide her your self;— you visit her by your self; in short, you do every thing by your self, and I am but a Supernumerary.

Sir Char. Why, really, *Tom*, you are a kind of a Cypher; thou hast no Meaning in thee, and in the present Service, thou must of necessity stand for Nothing.

Tom. Why, Sir, I hope you don't take me for a Fool.

Sir Char. Fool!— no, no Sir, I take you for a Wit:— but I'd have you remember, that Wit without Discretion, is a very dangerous Quality in Gentlemen of your Rank, and that it is oftner attended with a broken Head, than any other Gratification:— I have told you, I don't desire your Opinion of my Conduct or Actions;— why will you be so free of it?— really, *Thomas*, you and I shall fall out, I believe.

Enter PINUP.

Pin. Sir Charles, a Word with you.

Sir Char. As many as you please.

Pin. A Lady, whose House you were lately at, desires you to be at the Door this Evening, as soon as you can.

Sir Char. I'll go immediately.

Tom. Must I wait here, Sir?

Sir Char. Yes, Sir — or any where else, Sir; till you see me again.

Tom. Indeed, Sir, 'tis dangerous for you to go alone.

Sir Char. And so, Sir, you'd go to take care of me— this impertinent Rogue makes me laugh:— Once more, sweet Sir, pray excuse me, I'll venture to go by my self.

Enter B E L V I L L E.

Bel. Whither are you going, *Sir Charles*? — I thought to have desir'd you to walk with me to Lord *Manly's* to Night. — He's come to Town with a design to marry his Daughter, Lady *Wortby*; — there will be abundance of Company; and among the rest, my Lord *Modely* her Lover; — whom we saw at the Assembly.

Sir Char. He's a Curiosity I should be glad to see again — the most important Trifler! — the busiest Impertinent! — a Creature polish'd out of his Humanity: — but dear *Belville*, I must be excus'd — I have a Rendezvous with my charming unknown, and must take my leave, unless you'll walk a little way with me.

Bel. Why, I have nothing else to do; provided you won't stay too long, I'll stay at a Coffee-house for you.

Sir Char. I don't know that: — if I stay, you must e'en go away without me; — in our way, I'll tell you some Adventures in this Affair, and this Secret amongst the rest, if she proves a Woman of Honour, I am fully resolv'd to marry her; — for I am in Love with her to Excess; — she is certainly the most amiable of her Sex.

Bel. (*Aside.*) I cou'd except one, I believe.

*(Exeunt.)*S C E N E. *The Street.**Enter Lord MANLY and DICK.*

L. Man. The falling of my Horse was unlucky; because I had engag'd my self very particularly; — I hope *Charles* won't stay by the way to drink, lest the Company shou'd be uneasy upon my Absence.

Dick. I hope your Lordship is not much hurt.

L. Man. No, not much — but be sure, *Dick*, don't speak of it in the House, it will frighten my Daughter, Lady *Betty*, excessively; we'll go in at
the

the great Door, that she may know nothing of it to Night.

Dick. Won't your Lordship please to have a Chair?

L. Man. Ay, call one — I'll walk softly on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir CHARLES and BELVILLE.

Sir Char. So you think me the happiest Man in the World.

Bel. Ay, *Sir Charles*, if your Mistress comes up to your Description of her.

Sir Char. I think it is now about the Time, and she lives in the next Street.

Bel. In the next Street, do you say?

Sir Char. Ay, ay, — If I don't stay too long I shall find you at the Coffee-house.

Bel. I'll go with you to the Door.

Sir Char. No, *Belville*, that's contrary to Articles, I durst not carry you thither without her Consent, my Honour's engag'd.

Bel. [*Aside*] And mine too I believe — there's no Person of Condition lives in that Street, except Lord Manly, I'm sure.

Sir Char. Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Bel. But I'm too much alarm'd, not to see where you're going my Friend.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E. *Lord MANLY's House.*

Enter Sir CHARLES, — BELVILLE following on one Side, TOM on the other.

Tom. I have follow'd him thus far undiscover'd, now I shall find out where my Master goes, whether he will, or no.

Sir Char. It is very dark, but I think this is the House.

Bel. Ay, is it so? — then I believe I shall be of the Party,

Sir Char. I must make a little Noise to signify that I'm in waiting—hem—hem—

Plait.

Plait. [*At the Window*] Hift, hift, Sir Charles, is it you?

Sir Char. Yes, Child, yes.

Plait. I'll open the Door immediately.

Bel. [*Aside*] Hell, and the Devil! — that is Plait-well, I'll try and go in along with him.

Plait. [*Opening the Door*] Come, Sir, [*Sir Charles enters, Belville follows in Haste, but just as he comes to the Door, 'tis shut.*]

Bel. Furies and Tortures! — shut out! —

Tom. (*Aside*) Is not that Mr Belville at his pious Ejaculations? — I must see the End of this, here's fine Doings going forward.

Bel. Why this is consummate! — What with my Friend! cou'd she find no Body else to jilt me with? — Damnation! — but I'll be reveng'd directly upon her, and her Lover (*knocks very hard at the Door.*)

Tom. O Lord! Sir, what are you going to do?

Bel. Rascal, who are you?

Tom. Me! — no Rascal indeed, Sir — why I am Tom, Sir Charles's Tom, Sir.

Bel. Dog! — what brought you hither?

Tom. Nothing at all, Sir — I only came this Way by Chance, I'm going again, Sir. (*clashing of Swords within.*)

Plait. (*Within*) O, my Master! my Master!

L. Man. (*Within*) Am I come back to be a Witness of this Infamy.

Tom. O Lord! O Lord! my poor Master's a fighting—he'll never be rul'd by me 'till he's dead.

Bel. Unfortunate Man that I am! — I did not suspect this—but hold, the Door opens, I'll put my self in the Way.

Enter Sir CHARLES with a drawn Sword, runs with HARRIOT against BELVILLE.

Bel. Sir Charles!

Sir Char. What, Belville! — Dear Friend, well met — Madam, do me the Honour to let this Gentleman

tleman conduct you Home ; You'll be safe with him :
— Dear *Belville*, take care of the Lady, whilst I
make good your Retreat.

Bel. Amazement! — (*To her*) You may assure
yourself of my Care, Madam, — (*Aside*) Now I have
caught her indeed. — O! the Traytress! I could
stab her to the Heart, and see her die with Joy.

Har. (*Aside*) Where will this end? — What will
become of me!

Sir Char. Here comes my old Hector ; — I must
stop him, or the Prize is lost. (*Exit. Bel. and Har.*)

Enter Lord MANLY, and Servants with Lights.

L. Man. This Injury to my Honour, shall not
pass unreveng'd, they shall be found, they can't be
got far : — Cou'd I have thought this of my
Daughter !

Sir Char. Sir, by your Favour, no Body passes
this Way.

L. Man. I shall try that, Sir, — thus. (*they fight.*)

Sir Char. They are got off by this time. — I'll e'en
run for it. (*Exit.*)

Tom. O, what an unfortunate Dog am I! — I must
be following my Master ; and now, may be, I shall
get my Throat Cut.

L. Man. Villainy and Cowardice are generally
Companions ; — he's gone, and there's no overtak-
ing him in the Dark.

Tom. What Devil put it into my Head to prie in-
to my Master's Secrets ; — how shall I get off with
Life. (*Trying to steal off, Servant stops him.*)

Serv. Here's one of 'em, my Lord.

L. Man. Sirrah, what are you ?

Tom. A poor, simple, impertinent Fellow, that
means no hurt indeed, an't please you.

L. Man. Are you Servant to the Author of this
Disturbance?

Tom. Yes, Sir ; to my great Sorrow and Af-
fliction ; for he's really a sad Man, and leads a
most ungodly Life.

L. Man.

72 *A TUTOR for the BEAUS:*

L. Man. Who is he, What's his Name? — where does he live?

Tom. His Name is Sir *Charles Freeloze*, he's a Colonel of Horse, and he lives at one Mr *Belville's*.

L. Man. Very well — dismiss the Fellow.

Tom. Sir your most faithful, most oblig'd, and most obedient Servant, 'till Death. — If ever I go intriguing again after my Master, may an hundred naked Swords be my Reward. *(Exit.)*

L. Man. This Fellow's Information is very lucky; — I'll visit Mr *Belville* directly. *(Exeunt.)*

S C E N E, *BELVILLE's House.*

Enter BELVILLE, leading in HARRIOT in the Dark.

Bel. Ho! — bring a Light here, somebody.

Enter L. BETTY and PINUP, at a Distance.

L. Bet. That's *Belville's* Voice. *(Aside.)*

Bel. *(To Harriot.)* I don't wonder at your Silence, what can you say for yourself? Now I hope, you won't accuse me of injuring you with Suspicions; — With wronging your Love and Honour, Madam.

L. Bet. *(Aside.)* He talks to a Woman, O the Villain!

Bel. Your affected Jealousy, will deceive me no longer, nor all your Art; — tho' I confess you unparrall'd in Dissembling, of which your coming hither after me to Day, was a very uncommon Instance.

L. Bet. *(Aside)* Ay, this is she that reproached him, when I was here, and now he's endeavouring to amuse her too.

Bel. Had not I lov'd you to Excess, that call'd my Reason in question. — But why do I repeat my Folly. *(Walks about in great Emotion.)*

L. Bet. Do you hear him *Pinup*? — O, that the Lights wou'd come, that I might confound him once for all *(Goes towards him.)*

Har. He is so disorder'd with Passion, that if I cou'd find the Door, I might get off safe *(Aside.)*

Lady

(Lady Betty gets into Harriot's Place, and whilst Harriot is feeling about for the Door, Belville takes Lady Betty by the Hand.

Bel. You must not stir, 'till I have seen your conscious, guilty Eyes;—A poor Revenge for all the Pangs that you have cost my Heart:—Ungrateful Woman!—(Calling out) Where is this Fellow with Lights?

L. Bet. (*Aside*) He takes me for his Mistress; I'll not undeceive him, 'till his Error strikes him dumb.

Har. I have found the Door—who's here, Pinup?

Pin. Madam!—bless me! whence do you come?

Har. Hift, follow me, and I'll tell you—but first watch for Sir Charles, who will be here immediately, and bring him directly to my Apartment.

(*Exeunt Har. and Pin.*)

Enter a Servant with Lights.

Bel. Set down the Lights, and be gone. (*Exit. Ser.*)

L. Bet. I shall amaze this Gentleman, the honourable Mr Belville.

(Belville turning about, gazes on Lady Betty with Surprise and Resentment, and she at him.)

L. Bet. (*After sometime.*) Was there ever such Assurance!—He looks upon me as insolently, as if I had injur'd him.

Bel. That a Woman (conscious as she is) shou'd be capable of affecting such Disdain and Indifference!—She's certainly lost to all Sense of Shame:—Was ever Man so much mistaken?

[*Expressing Amazement.*]

L. Bet. 'Tis I that shou'd wonder, false, ungrateful Man! That there can be such a Monster of Perfidy, as you, in Nature!

Bel. Hey day!—go on, Madam, go on;—I wou'd not interrupt any thing so exquisite.

L. Bet. Was not you here with a Woman?—Did not I hear you profess the Excess of your Love for her.

Bel. Pray, Madam, whereabouts may we be?—This is really the most extraordinary Dream, that

L

ever

ever I had in my Life: — Pray, Madam, what is my Name?

L. Bet. Your Name! — Villain! all softer Names but injure you.

Bel. (Singing) *Tol, lol, de rol, lol, &c.* — Well, I have heard of such things; — but this is the first of the Sort, I ever had the Honour to Experience.

L. Bet. Had I not hid myself to Night in your Sister's Chamber, expecting a new Proof of your Infidelity! —

Bel. My Sister's Chamber! — why, Madam, tho' I don't pretend to much Knowledge, I apprehend I am not entirely out of my Senses. — Did not I bring you from your own House. — Did not your Father surprize you with Sir *Charles* — ay, Sir *Charles*, Madam — you may well start — could you find no body else to injure me with!

L. Bet. (Pausing some Time) Is it so! — this is *Harriot's* doings! (*aside*) Mr *Belville*, we shall find ourselves both deceiv'd, — and ought to ask each other's Pardon; — but here's your Sister and Sir *Charles*, who will explain all.

Enter Sir CHARLES and HARRIOT.

Sir Char. Dear *Belville*, I have over-heard this Difference, and am extreamly concern'd for having given Lady *Betty* and you, so much Uneasiness — had you introduc'd me to your Sister, we might have seen one another without the Confusion our meeting at Lady *Betty Manly's* House has occasion'd. — Your Sister has been pleas'd to tell me every Thing, since you brought her hither, mistaking her for that Lady — I hope you will not oppose my Happiness, by disapproving your Sister's Choice, of one, indeed, unworthy of her Favour.

Bel. Sir *Charles*, you amaze me! — This is what I did not imagine! — *Harriot* has been too delicate in concealing this Affair, at our Expence, and her own; — I too have been to blame: — She was always

at

at her own Disposal ; — I rejoice the more at this Discovery, as I know your Sentiments, and as it gives me Occasion to congratulate you.

Har. You can't be angry with me, Brother ; you said so many fine Things of Sir *Charles*, that I cou'd not help being of your Opinion—I lov'd him thro' Simpathy.

Bel. O, *Harriot* ! thou wild Girl, thy needless Artifice has given me so much Pain, that I scarce know, whether I should wish you Joy, or no.

L. Bet. I am so pleas'd to see you happy, that I forgive you both.

Bel. Dear Lady *Betty*—we must never part again.

L. Bet. Here's one will determine that.

Enter Lord MANLY.

L. Man. Mr *Belville*, I little expected that I shou'd ever have made you a Visit, upon such an Injury.

Bel. My Lord, I beg you'll do me the Honour, to let me speak a few Words to you, before you proceed. (*They retire, and talk together in dumb shew.*)

L. Bet. I am in extream Anguish—if my Father shou'd not give his Consent.

Sir Char. Never fear it, Madam : — He can have no Exception to Mr *Belville*.

L. Bet. He's very positive sometimes — tho' the best of Fathers.

Sir Char. If he opposes it, as your mutual Happiness is at Stake, e'en serve him, as he wou'd you upon the same Occasion—marry without farther Ceremony. — When a Government is tyrannical, the Subjects have Privilege to revolt, Madam, if they have but Courage enough to assert their Right.

L. Bet. So good a Father, who wou'd disobey ?

L. Man. (*Coming forward*) But, Sir, methinks I might have been consulted, before you had gone thus far,

Bel. My Lord, that was my Design, as soon as Lady *Betty* shou'd have authorized my Request, with her Approbation : — But this Accident between Sir *Charles* and my Sister at your Lordship's House, has oblig'd me to take this Occasion of begging your Consent to my Happiness.

L. Man. Well, Sir, since you are agreed between your selves, I'll not part you : — Daughter, come hither ; there take her, Mr *Belville* see, whether you can spoil her as much as I have done—Heaven bless you together — Madam, I wish you Joy, and you Sir, (*to Sir Charles*).

Tom. (*To Sir Charles*) And now every Body's provided for, I hope your Honour will not exclude me from the general Joy upon this Occasion.

Sir Char. No, *Tom*, I'll keep you to assist me in my Intrigues, if ever I shou'd have any ;—your Courage and Conduct might be of singular Use to me.

Tom. Ah, Sir, I humbly beg to be excus'd, I have forsworn ever being concern'd that way again.

Sir Char. Well, upon that Consideration, *Tom*, I shall find a Means of making you easy—but you'll be sure to keep your Word.

Enter a Servant, and whispers Lord MANLY.

L. Man. The Company invited are all at my House, you say.

Serv. Yes, my Lord.

L. Man. I'll take this Opportunity of disposing of my Daughter *Worthy*, and desire that you'll all go home with me, that we may rejoice together.

Bel. With the utmost Pleasure, my Lord ; — this is an unexpected Addition to our Happiness.

Sir Char. The Nuptial Planet was certainly Lord of the Ascendant to Day. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE.

SCENE. Lord MANLY's House.

Enter Lady WORTHY, HEARTLY, Lord MODELY,
Young MANLY, BLUNT and FINESSE.

L. Mod. This is the Day, Madam, the Stars have design'd for your Happiness; and to convince you of my Fondness, I assure you, I don't believe there is another fair One under the Sun, could have got the better of my Reluctance for Marriage.

L. Wor. You are so perfectly satisfy'd with your own great Merits, that what would be an Affront from another Man, is a kind of Compliment from you—I am surpriz'd you could conquer that Antipathy in Favour of so indifferent a Person.

Hear. O Madam, you can't suppose my Lord's in earnest, he only makes you the Compliment out of Politeness—I'll answer for him he'll never be so unfashionable to be really reconciled to Matrimony.

Blunt. If I had a female Monkey that I valu'd, he should not marry her. *(Aside.)*

Enter Lord MANLY, Sir CHARLES FREELOVE,
HARRIOT, BELVILLE, Lady BETTY.

L. Man. Dear Friends, you're all welcome—Gentlemen, *(to Heartly, Blunt, and L. Modely)* I am glad I shall give you my Answer before so much good Company.

Y. Man. My Lord, here is my Friend in great Concern for what has pass'd, and entreats you to forgive him; he is naturally so very polite, that—

L. Man. I am sorry the Gentleman has made use of so bad an Advocate, for you have more Occasion for somebody to intercede for your self.

L. Mod. My Lord, I can only say, in Excuse for what is past, that I had not the Honour to be acquainted with you.

L. Man. That's sufficient, Sir— my Resentment is satisfy'd— and I'll not compel my Daughter, but content my self with representing to her—

L. Wor.

L. Wor. No, my Lord, I'm ready to obey your Commands, — the Person you chuse, will prove agreeable to me.

L. Mod. (*Afide to L. Wor.*) Madam, your Ladyship runs a hazard you may repent — suppose you shou'd lose me now? —

L. Man. (*To L. Wor.*) As I have only three Days to stay in Town, and find it necessary to marry you before my Departure; I'll endeavour to make choice of one worthy of us both: — Sir, you are a very pretty Gentleman. (*To L. Mod.*)

L. Mod. So they say, Sir, (*bowing.*)

L. Man. But you have too little Value for Reason and Sense, which are Essentials in the married State — As for you, Sir, (*To Blunt.*) You are a Man of Fortune and good Sense, but too regardless of Decency, Civility, and Politeness, which are absolutely necessary to the Happiness of the wedded Pair, as it consists in a mutual Affection for each other, supported by Complaisance and good Manners: I must therefore, Gentlemen, take the Liberty, to tell you, 'I prefer Mr *Heartly* to either of you, in whom, these Perfections unite: — he possesses all that is requisite to compleat the Happiness of my Daughter.

Hear. My Lord, you have given me all that was wanting to mine, except the Consent of this Lady.

L. Wor. You have no Reason to Doubt that, Sir; since my Father has made choice of the Man in the whole World, I esteem the most.

L. Mod. I am better satisfy'd as it is, rot me! — I begin to be very sick of the Thoughts of Matrimony: — 'tis you are punish'd; — I know you love me, and I abandon you — *Bon soir.* (*Exit singing.*) *Beauté fierre loins de nous charmer, &c.*

Y. Man. Ay, ay, we'll be gone — how I long to be in *France* with my Lord *Modely*, — ay, there, he'll finish me; — he'll introduce me to all the good Company, as bright as himself: — and make me as
fine

fine a Gentleman as breathes. (*Exit mimicking L. Mod.*)
(*sings.*) *Beauté ferre, &c.*

Blunt. You cou'd not have made a better Choice, unless you had taken me, — but as I have not succeeded, I hope, *Finesse*, you'll return me my Money.

Fin. Not a Shilling, Sir — I never refund ——— it will help towards a Fortune, to make me happy with a Husband.

Blunt. Why then 'tis full time for me to be gone. (*Exit.*)

Hear. (*To L. Man.*) My Lord it shall be the Study of my Life, to merit the Obligation you have laid me under, and to make a right use of the Power you have given me with this Lady.

L. Man. I don't in the least doubt your Behaviour to her, and have Reason to hope she'll not be ungrateful;

Let the vain, flutt'ring Youth, with Folly blind,
Mistake for *real Worth*, the *False refin'd*;
Whilst thoughtless Crouds with injudicious Praise,
Add to the darling Faults, on which they gaze;
With him, for *Mode* and *Shew*, let Sense subside,
And Love be sacrific'd to empty Pride;
Whilst the deluded Fair too late bemoan,
No Charms can fix a Fool, besides his *Own*:
The Wise, on nobler Principles are bless'd,
By Force of Reason, they direct their Taste,
Convinc'd — Truth, Honour, Sense alone can prove,
The Guardian Pow'rs of Happiness, and Love.



F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

England, (*they say*) is famous — for good Nature!
Mum for your Catcalls! Wit delights in Satire!
Pit — and fond Parents, when they act severely,
Teach Child, they whip it, 'cause they love it dearly.
Well! Heav'n be prais'd! We've PROOFS of your Affection.

Lord, how you LOVE! — if we may trust CORRECTION!

Not but we've been too sparing of our Labours.
Too negligent — and naughty — like our Neighbours.
Trod in their Steps, — but, with Repentance ample!
So, Half the World is spoil'd by bad Example! —
Great is their Stock! but, why shou'd that misguide us?
We'll MEND. — Ah! — you'll not trust, before you've try'd us.

By Things ne'er seen, nor heard of, we'll provoke ye.
Cram ye with Novelty — enough to choak ye:
All you desire, and more, we'll pour upon ye.
'Till we have forc'd — COMMISERATION, from ye.

And, 'twill be odd, if Change, shou'd here, DIS-
PLEASE ye,
Which, yet, at home, has seldom fail'd — to ease ye!
Do — take our Words: This once, be kind Believers:
Nor think all Women — born, to be DECEIVERS.

